

The
North American
Review

The Oldest, Coldest War

The Cult of Ugliness

Sure, Mama, Sure

New Theatre: Tourist Class

Please Pass the Instant Poi

Suicide As A Dying Art

Fiction, Poetry, Departments, and Reviews

Volume 250

Numbers 5/6

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Contributors

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WILLIAM BRADY is a pseudonym for a person of the same name. He has appeared here before.

Sure, Mama, Sure is ISABELLE CASEY'S first published work. Mother of two teenage sons and a daughter, she lives in Bayside, New York.

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Two extended trips in India provided EVELYN HARTER with background for *In My Next Incarnation* and other published stories. She has published one novel, *Dr. Katherine Bell* (Doubleday), and has had several stories in literary magazines.

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Still under thirty, GEORGE LINDSEY has been an editor, journalist, and writer-producer of TV shows, winning the *Reader's Digest Foundation Award* in 1964 for his two part documentary *Black Gold* and receiving an Emmy from the Ohio Chapter of the ATAS in 1964 for a three-hour documentary, *Ohio Has Saved Union*. His poetry has appeared in many little magazines.

The daughter of missionaries from Minnesota, MARTI KRISTEN spent her childhood in India. Previous work has appeared in *Opinion*, *Atlantic Advocate*, *Panorama* and *Trace* in 1964 and 1965. She lives near Philadelphia with her husband and two children.

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DAVID NORWOOD lives in Scarborough, Ontario, and all of his previous publications have been in the U. K.

PATRICIA OSBORN is presently at home in Toledo, Ohio.

Executive Editor of *The Literary Times*, RAY PUECHNER lives in Milwaukee and works in Chicago. A prolific writer, his work has appeared in magazines as varied as *Saturday Review* and *Foey* under his own and other names.

DAVID O. RANKIN experiences parenthood in Boston.

TAD RICHARDS has published in *The North American Review*, *Poetry*, and *The Realist*. He teaches in Minnesota.

JAMES D. RITCHIE, ex-sailor and present writer, has a long list of publications to his credit. He currently lives in Kansas City.

GEORGE STARBUCK won the Yale Younger Poets award for his first volume, *Bone Thoughts*. He teaches in the Writers Workshop at The University of Iowa.

Employed as a technical editor, ISIDORE STERN lives in Rhode Island. His work has appeared in *National Review*, *Industrial Research*, *Toastmaster*, etc.

CHARLES WRIGHT has just returned from Italy after two years on a Fulbright grant. He has appeared in the *North American Review* before.

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UNREQUIRED READING

An enjoyable piece of useless information encountered this month amounted to no more than the full name of that laudable organization everyone recognizes by its acronym CARE. CARE stands for Cooperative for American Remittances to Everywhere.

Overheard while eavesdropping this month:

Near the most notorious fonduk in Tunisia, an albino Algerian said through a mouthful of charlock, "We propose to steal the pyx chest from Philly!"

At freshman registration at Cornell College this September, a questing soul inquired, "Can I register for a course in Basic God?"

In 1940, Aldous Huxley published his brilliant novel *After Many A Summer Dies the Swan*, a merciless account of a megalomessianic effort to live forever. Almost everyone knows about Huxley's brittle satire.

Does anyone recall this one?

Doctor Arnoldi by Tiffany Thayer (Julian Messner, Inc., 1934, 334 pp.) Doctor Arnoldi's story is nothing less than the arrival of the millenium when death is suspended, the era of everlasting life. "Death has stopped. It is no more . . . No matter how much I want to, I cannot die. No one can die . . . There is a new order."

Man's quest is over. Or so it would seem. But . . .

"He's neither dead nor alive. He's vegetating. We need his bed and would be grateful if you could remove him by noon at the latest."

Ah. But move him where? Would people want a thing like that around the house? Invalids were bad enough, with their demands and their odors . . .

Institutions for their housing must arise. As Arnoldi said, man would not bury them while they pulsed. Then a fortune awaited him who first offered a complete service station for the living dead.

Thirty years ago the implications of Doctor Arnoldi repulsed one; today we must try to accommodate such a thought. In fact, we do.

BER

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Witnessed by:
Helen Anderson

Bernard E. Richardson
Managing Editor
The North American Review

ANARCHIST'S DICTIONARY

Abstract Art—A neurosis in search of a creative impulse.

Atheism—A lot of trouble—for nothing.

Baptists—Dunked grand-ma in the Allegheny,
And found her in New Orleans;
While shouting Hallelujah!!
They never heard her screams.

Censorship—My editor's imitation of the Divine.

Clay, Cassius—Champion, who no more in bloody fights engaged, preferred the windy satisfaction of the tongue.

Doubt—The luxury of a strong faith.

Existentialism—A disease for which it pretends to be the cure.

Faculty Meeting—Institutionalized clowning.

Humanism—A philosophy that God suffers to exist.

Humility—A rare understanding.

Kennedy, Robert—A home-town boy — who left.

Kierkegaard, Soren—The frog in life's swamp.

Martyr—An exemplary corpse.

Monument—Ching-Soo fell in a vat of cement,
The Brooklyn Bridge is his monument.

The fame that follows oblivion.

Oratory—A long prologue to a short story.

Peale, Graham, Sheen—The big three of statistical Christianity.

Prejudice—Hatred for the man you have wronged.

Rusk, Dean—The Presidential Charley McCarthy.

Spectator—Participation in conspicuous leisure.

Speech—Prelude to thought.

Theology—To pinch and poke the creator for the purpose of maintaining a teaching position.

Universalists—No Hell! No Hell! they cried in vain, for now they are confined to Maine.

Woman—Took man from Paradise in hope of returning alone.

DAVID O. RANKIN

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November, 1965

3



ANGELS AT BAY

Continence is uncomfortable, breeds self abuse, and fathers only anxieties.

Concupiscence flourishes in our sex-oriented culture.

But contraception is taught in neither home, school nor church.

Conception is certain.

Abortion is illegal. There is no escape.

Man is doomed to be born.

So predictions are that men will be standing on each other before today's kindergartners occupy the beds already reserved for them in day-after-tomorrow's nursing homes for senile terminal cases.

Not only doomed to birth, man is doomed to live and live and live until retirement savings are gone, his pension devoured, his property consumed by the cost of wonder drugs, and his progeny welded to soul-gnawing guilt because to die has become economically unsound and intellectually unacceptable.

Quoting government statistics, *The World Almanac* for 1965 prints that average life expectancy in the United States zoomed from 47.3 years in 1900 to 70 years in 1962. *The Statistical Abstract of the U.S.* reveals that \$110,000,000.00 was spent on private nursing home care in 1950 while the cost has risen to \$400,000,000.00 by 1963. These figures carefully exclude hospital care, physicians' services, dental care, drugs and sundries, eyeglasses, costs paid by health insurance plans, and practically everything else except bed and board. Also excluded are the figures for veterans' hospitals, prisons, mental institutions, tubercular hospitals and so forth.

This \$400,000,000.00 is merely the bill for board and room for the thousands of comparatively rich senior citizens who can afford private care away from the homes of relatives. A few, mostly church supported, are decent, respectable hotels operated for reasons other than economic, but most of these cubicles are sub-standard rabbit warrens where reluctant life is urged, propped, forced, pushed, pulled or cajoled to continue.

Flesh withers.

Bone crumbles.

Minds collapse.

Spirit flees.

The will to live vanishes but life must go on.

All passions spent, unable to recognize kith or kin, friend or foe, often insulated against awesome physical agony by incredibly expensive wonder drugs, merciful death is withheld by ignorance, economics and hypocrisy.

Cheerful, beloved, intelligent and loving relatives are shoved out of sight, out of hearts, and out of minds to become ghastly caricatures of the men and women they once were.

Must sentimentality, fear, and greed collude in unholy siege to keep bands of angels at bay?

Must all men anticipate the long, black twilight of drug-propped senility?

Forced to be born and death withheld, has man so warped his concept that there is indeed no exit?

All but a few seem to have forgotten that life's handmaiden is death.

PKF



SHELLEY

For days the water worked him over,
Drilled toward his bones, hammered his skin
Until it grew so slack, so thin,
It parted to let the light inside
And he became his name forever,
The age's anchor, love's high tide.

OFF-SEASON

This one island
Has slipped
Summer's harness. Its
Towns stand
Dull in their fields
Like patient
Oxen, white-kneed
And sad, with
No one to please.
The beaches, the flat-faced
Hotels all
Are deserted, their
Shopfronts are shuttered. The
Townfolk talk
Only in off
Tones, or not
At all. Over
Their shoulders they
Hear the drop
Of chains,
The dark winds start
Behind the Urals.

Charles Wright



PLOTTERS

Several months ago three New Yorkers and a French-Canadian woman were arrested for their participation in an alleged plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty, the Washington Monument, and the Liberty Bell. Having examined the facts in the case—as reported by newspapers—it becomes quite clear to anyone who is remotely conversant with the science of symbolism that the issue in question is not the sanity of the plotters, but the inconsistency of their symbolic strategy.

The selection of these monuments for destruction was an eminently sound choice, for they are the repositories of American freedom, justice, and democracy. To destroy these representatives of the American way of life is the surest way to undermine the very foundation of our national existence.

An examination of the plotters' motive demonstrates the impeccable logic that led them to choose the Liberty Bell, the Statue of Liberty, and Washington's Monument for destruction. When questioned by government officials, the group insisted that the plot was a symbolic act to show their hatred of the United States. The relationship between motives and objectives is apparent.

Up to this point the behavior of the plotters is admirably consistent—an act symbolic of their hatred directed against the symbols of it. However, in implementing their symbolic act, the plotters violated the consistency they had heretofore exhibited. They chose real dynamite as the instrument of destruction. Had they been consistent, they would have carried out their symbolic plot with symbolic dynamite, and, at worst, they would have been faced with symbolic punishment.

Howard Livingston
Chappaqua, New York



THE WAY OF THE DODO

For years we had a perfectly good coffee can that opened easily with a little key. After the coffee was gone there remained a respectable and very usable can with a lid that fit. It could be used to hold all manner of things—flowers, paint brushes, fishing worms and money.

The coffee business may have desired to be in on this “pull twist” affair but they had a problem. Nobody needed a can opener to open a can of coffee in the first place. This had to be rectified. So along came the tall skinny “No Key Cans.” This is a phrase which for some reason always looks, at first glance, like it says “Monkey Cans.”

Will the can opener become extinct? Impossible, nobody could get along without a can opener you say. Well that's what was said about the ice pick, too, and when was the last time you used one or even saw one? That once standard and indispensable piece of equipment was used for many things besides chipping ice. Ice picks were found in the kitchens of the rich and the poor alike, but where are they now? They are gone, completely vanished.

And what about an orange juicer? Would your children even recognize one if they saw it? Remember that bowl with the little ridged mountain rising out of its center and the sweet smell that reached up to tease your appetite as the oranges squished against those ridges?

It's a reasonably safe bet that your juice this morning was either the frozen or canned variety. Opened with a can opener. Well don't be surprised if some morning soon you find that your frozen juice can has a “snap up top.”

The idea started with beer cans and it is spreading fast along with such names as “snap up” and “flip back.” Even canned vienna sausage comes with a “peel steel” lid or whatever the vienna sausage people call this marvel in canning.

Anyway the stage is now set. It won't be long until we receive the joyous news that our work in the kitchen has been made lighter. We will no longer have to hunt through the drawer for a can opener to open our coffee. We can simply give the handle a little pull and a twist and there we are.

Yes, the handwriting is on the super market shelves. The faithful can opener is fated to join in oblivion such nobles as the rug beater, the antimacassar and the three cent stamp.

This is progress, it can not be stopped and this is not to say that it should be. However just because this canning innovation is new and progressive doesn't mean that it has not been perfected. It has been, complete with razor sharp edges. So let this word to the wise be sufficient. Lay in a supply of finger size bandages while it is still comparatively safe and easy to open the container in which they come.

N. A. Hartig
LaVale, Maryland



“A ROSE IS . . .”

After missing the same question twice in two encounters with a widely-accepted intelligence test, I was rather disturbed when I came across the question again, while administering the test, and found myself still unable to accept the right answer as right.

Our national reliance on ratings notwithstanding,

a public opinion poll is obviously no way to judge the validity of a question on an IQ test. However, as a result of my reaction to it, I went ahead and took a private sampling to discover what answers would be chosen by my friends, family and fellow teachers.

This is the question that was the basis for my poll:

To say that roses can feel sad is (a) wicked, (b) unfair, (c) absurd, (d) improbable, (e) misleading.

Although my sample was perhaps not large enough to be conclusive, I feel that the results of my research show this question to have potential far beyond that of determining intelligence alone. I believe that it also can be used as an indicator of psychological, scientific and moral attitudes, of imaginative ability, and of a whole complex of thought processes.

Interestingly enough, I and two other members of my family all chose the same answer: (d) improbable, which is the incorrect choice that I have consistently made. Seemingly it is a family trait, which could lead to some interesting studies in the factor of heredity and its influence on intelligence test scores. Although we were accused of being romanticists for supplying this answer, I believe that there is also a definite element of the scientific attitude in it, for certainly the roses themselves have never been subjected to controlled experiments to determine the truth. Every time I try to choose another answer, I think of the studies which show that plants thrive under conditions where music is played in their presence or when soothing words are spoken to them while being watered. Doesn't this imply happiness and couldn't the reverse, although perhaps improbable, be true?

Throughout the entire poll, no one selected the answers (a) wicked or (b) unfair, probably because of their ambiguity. These responses could mean wicked and unfair to the roses themselves. Yet even if one agrees with the theory that roses can feel sad, it is hard to see how it would be cruel or unsporting towards the roses to admit it.

On the other hand, if the question is taken the other way, there is a certain lack of proportion shown in accusing someone of behaving sinfully or intolerantly towards his fellow men, simply because he said that roses can feel sad.

My brother's fiance selected (e) misleading, as her answer. Interpretation shows that, although she agreed that roses may show a variety of responses to stimuli, she feels that it is improper to apply terminology appropriate only to human emotions to describe them. We decided to accept her into the family.

The majority of those polled answered, almost without hesitation, (c) absurd, and returned the question immediately as if curious why anyone would waste their time pondering it. This made conducting the poll a difficult undertaking because, if not careful, I found the subjects of my research attempting to reverse our positions and suspiciously considering me as a potential candidate for psychiatric study.

The "right" answer, of course, is absurd.

*Patricia Osborn
Toledo, Ohio*

HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

We were outcasts in the sea of suburbia. My occupation as television writer allowed me to walk the tightrope between respectability and bohemianism. My wife, as teacher and nurse, fulfilled the same ambiguousness as a Dr. Jeckle of Morningside Road. We were content. Each evening we puttered up Morningside Road in our Porsche, closed the sliding doors behind us, drew the drapes, and joined the ranks of detached Americans.

Only one sore marked the neat circles of oblivion around us. Across the street from our one-floor, ranch style castle stood an intruder of gigantic and morseful proportion. Of course, intruder is incorrect, for this Victorian left over had somehow weathered the dexterity of bulldozers. Our suburbia had literally grown up around it. In this era when cemeteries are quite obscure to the city dweller, even though they pass him en route each day, the projects of suburbia are often less fortunate in their burials. These acres were often owned by farmers, who have cashed in their government supported wastelands, dividing this earth into quaint lots for city dwellers. A barn or farmhouse often remains as a token of their twenty pieces of silver.

We almost understood and tolerated this ugly reminder of the past across the street if not for one fault. The house was vacant. Third rate boards clasped its windows as though preventing it from yawning with age.

Another fault, which universally plagues such an awesome creature, was its mysterious countenance. This fact instigated adventures into its dark bowels by neighborhood children, many of whom tramped across our moat in their adrenalin frenzy.

One day a ghost-grey Weimaraner, or at least half a Weimaraner—it obviously bore the mixture of a once passionate Great Dane—mysteriously arrived to become its caretaker. It appeared, and like everything on Morningside, was soon accepted. My pleasure knew no bounds, for this grotesque beast literally frightened the pirates away from their nightly haunt, and consequently they did not trespass across my moat. Such a deterrent to these rascals was worth a few dollars a week. I stealthily slipped across the vast ocean like pavement each night to deposit a few scraps and a Gainesburger beneath one of the boarded battlements. Each morning, as I backed my Porsche onto the pavement, I noticed that the parcel of food had been consumed while I slept the security of suburbia.

Gare, as I christened him, became my grateful neighbor. I believe I had more communication with him—often he would approach at night for a peep at his provider—than with any dweller within ten miles.

Several months later I was awakened long before suburbia stretched. Gare held a negro couple at bay. I watched in the precarious position of a secure peeping Tom at the trials of these intruders to Gare's charge. I gave them the odds, for both seemed intelligent and handsome, and ready to do battle if necessary for access to the Victorian antique. I was ready to shift my

betting to Gare as the middle aged negro woman, out of impatience with the slow progress of friendship, boldly walked toward the furious hound. But Gare fell silently to his knees and whimpered in defeat. The woman bent and patted him gently. I cursed my glib conceit at spending so much for a watch dog, who seemed now like a tame lion. Moments later the negro couple were engulfed by the house, and I did not see them for a week, convinced that they emerged when I was at work. Gare never barked again.

A week later the boards fell from the windows, and the lawn was trimmed. Such boldness left me not a little concerned, first for the safety of the negro couple, and secondly for the shock to Morningside residents, for such a brash move would surely break the glass cages around me. I sat back and awaited the storm in the quiet of my castle. Many times I drew aside the fabric drawbridge to peep expectantly toward the house across the street.

The storm did not officially arrive until the end of summer, when Morningside residents were quietly stowing their backyard grills. It came on a quiet night without the slightest trace of wind. I still did not know my next door neighbors, or those to whom the house was rented across the street. Gare remained as a relic of more productive years, but he was renamed, Adolph, a disgrace to the passionate dictator of yesterday's headlines.

The brightness of flames awoke us from an air-conditioned dream. I slipped into my working corduroys, pulled on a short-sleeve shirt, and was onto my front step long before any other Morningside resident. The burning of the mystic Victorian resident meant more to me than any of the others—hadn't I protected it for months by keeping its caretaker? But when I looked skyward, no flames leaped from the turrets. Instead small ripples danced from an ill-constructed cross stuck hastily in the front yard. Others had emerged from their homes, and we stood silently watching the cross, which promised to burn for some time.

Then a ghost-like figure moved out of the door of the eerie bastille. I peered vainly into the shadows expecting the worse, but the figure advanced slowly toward the burning symbol of violence. Through the flames I caught a glimpse of the negro woman. She wore slacks and a cotton blouse. She stopped before the cross. Each of us on Morningside Road could see her solemn countenance, for a crowd gathered from homes farther down the street. We watched as with one eye. Something had to happen. At last the outside world of tastes and smells has invaded our circular street. I shifted from foot to foot, ready at any moment to dive in—to charge the world against bigotry, you might say—and claim my place beside the forces of right. But what really mattered was the eminence of action.

The woman turned and shouted toward the wavering shadows behind her. Her husband emerged—I recognized him from the first encounter with Gare—carrying a bunch of sticks and a small white box. He set these instruments beside the woman, and each care-

fully selected a stick and plunged it into the box. The negro woman waved, and we advanced as if the invitation had been personally extended to each alone.

Without a word spoken, we gathered around the burning cross with the ugly shadows of the Victorian house behind us, selected a stick, plunged it into the box, and joined the negro couple who were intent on roasting their marshmallows.

*George Lindsey
Columbus, Ohio*



LETTERS NEVER MAILED DEPARTMENT

Arkansaw, Wisconsin
October 10, 1965

Mr. Arthur Miller
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. *Please Forward*

Dear Mr. Miller:

Seeming always to have viewed the world through pessimistically objective eyes, you frequently captured the lacklustre grays of human existence effectively. Obviously, you did not even don a romanticist's rose-colored glasses during the brief interludes while your marriages lasted, but rather, considered marriage also as grist for the clinical pen of a playwright. Why then do you persist in wearing these unbecoming tinted lenses when looking out over the Pacific? Please unshackle yourself. The hairshirt of the angry aging radical will never be tailored to your talents.

Sincerely,
Diogenes Jones



Sure, Mama, Sure

Isabelle Casey

Julius Fabiano unwound his mother's hair. It fell to the middle of her back, strong and dark like his own, with coppery tints picked up by the winter light slanting in the hospital window.

His mother sat on a straight chair next to her bed. Julius settled a towel on her thin shoulders, then proceeded to brush the hair back from her pale forehead with long gentle strokes. Tension eased from his mother's face and she sighed weakly, "Buono, Julie, buono."

"Good, huh Mama? Don't worry anymore."

"Ahhh, don't worry, ahhh." She shook her clasped hands before her face and then let them drop to her lap.

As he brushed, a few gray hairs sprang up, alien and unruly, but Julius did not yank them out as his mother would if she spied them; he could not root things out so cruelly.

"What you think, Julie, I should cut it?"

"What for, Mama?"

"I don't have the strength no more to brush and wash. Maybe short . . ."

"But Mama Mia, you said you never would."

"Yeah, I know, I promised Papa till I die I would not cut. But now is different, I'm weak. The nurses here—what a they know how to comb such a long hair? It flies all around, I have to scratch my face all a time. I tell them: my son, he'll help me."

"Sure, Mama, sure."

"Yeah, but Julie, who's gonna help me up in that place, huh?"

"Mama, you don't have to go there if you don't want. Tessa and me, we could make room."

"Ah no, my good son, my jewel, it's too small your apartment, no? Best I go to that place the lady downstairs told me, no Julie?"

"No, Mama, no. In another coupla days you come home with me. I don't want you in no convalescent home. White Plains—I don't even know how to get there. Too far from Brooklyn."

"It's that far? Yeah, I guess it is, the lady says it's in the country. She says trees are there, vegetables, maybe even grapes growing. Very nice she says, and it don't cost too much."

"So it's nice," Julius said, "So how could I get to see you with no car?"

"I don't know, I don't know."

"Listen Mama, Tessa and me, we can sleep on the pull-out sofa in the living room. It's not bad—a matter of fact it's very comfortable."

"What you think I am?" His mother spun around to face him. "What you think, I put a husband and wife out of their bed? I would do such a thing!"

"Now don't get excited, Mama."

"If I come, I sleep on the couch, not you. Yeah, but

Julie," she slumped back in her chair, "Julie, Tessa's got Robbie to take care—only two years is still a baby. And another one on the way?" She shook her head, "I don't know, I don't know."

"I'll help Mama, don't worry all the time."

"You sure it's all right, Julie, you sure?"

"What'da you want me to say? How can I say it?"

Impatient, Julius came around to the front of her chair, bent down to her and with his free hand lifted her face. How small she was. She seemed to have shrunk in the three weeks she had been in the hospital. Her face was drawn. The hue of her skin had faded from a healthy olive-tan to pale yellow; and her eyes, usually so snapping and alive, held fear and uncertainty now. "It'll be O.K. Don't worry," he said, smoothing the towel on her shoulders. "Come on Mama, relax your face."

He returned to his task and stood behind her chair. It would be all right with Tessa, he was sure. She was a good kid, his wife. Mama would be too lonesome, too lost up in that place. And if he let her go home to that old-fashioned apartment of hers, he knew she would begin right in scrubbing and cleaning, and land back in the hospital again.

"Bend your head a little, Mama," he said, "I want to get on the underneath."



How often in his twenty-nine years had he brushed his mother's hair? Thousands of times? When was the first time? It could have been the time his father was out of work and his mother had taken in piece work. Vaguely he recalled waking up in his dark room, searching frantically for his mother and finding her still sewing at the dining-room table. Oh he might have been seven or eight then. Was that when she had said, "Julie get the brush," for the first time? "Brush, Julie, brush slow like this, nice, like you brushing angel's hair. Come my jewel."

His legs aching—that was a clear, sharp memory. How tired he would get standing there brushing, eternally brushing. He'd jog from one foot to the other, yawn and sigh loudly, with exaggerated weariness, but if he attempted to lay the brush down his mother would beg, "Ah just a little more, my jewel, my precious jewel, please Julie, a little more, huh?" And he'd go on until his legs began to itch unbearably and between every stroke of the brush he'd stoop to claw at them. Finally, impatient with him, she'd let him go, com-

plaining, "You can't even help a little your poor Mama."

His legs were itching now. Something about brushing hair made the blood pinch in his legs, as if any army of ants were attacking them. But he wouldn't stop to scratch or in any way show his mother how tired he was—tired standing all morning in his dry-cleaning shop, tired running here every afternoon and night for the past three weeks, tired holding the brush in his hand—tired of it all.

"You like the petticoat, the slip I bought?" he asked, trying to forget his legs.

"Beau-dee-ful, beau-dee-ful."

"Enough lace?"

"Hahh, plenty. You always pick good."

She was like a little girl expecting a present every day when he came. Frilly lingerie delighted her. She had lacy slips and nighties in every shade: white, peach, pale yellow, blue, ecru; treasuring them as a bride would, between layers of tissue, scented with envelopes of sachet. She never seemed to have enough.

Julius kept brushing, his eyes half closed. He saw himself sleeping or just sitting down . . .

"What's a matter, Julie?" his mother's voice interrupted his reverie, "You lost the tongue? You got nothing to tell?"

"Who's got nothing to tell?" Tessa Fabiano hurried into the room. Her short dark hair, brushed by the wind, was alive with electricity, her narrow, intense, delicately-shaped face glowed pink from the cold. To Julius she seemed to bring with her, into the close hospital room, a draught of clean fresh winter air.

"Hello Mama," she said, "How come you're here, Julius?" She spoke in little gasps as if she had been walking too fast and her cumbersome body had no more breath to spare. "I thought you were too busy, you weren't coming today."

"Yeah, I know Tessa, but Mama called. She wanted me early, do her hair."

"I told you I'd do it for you today, Mama," She tossed her green tweed coat on the bed. "Here, Julius, give me the brush—let me."

"Never mind, Tessa," Mama held up her hands warding her off. "Julie's almost finish. Rest yourself. How you feel, huh? Take it easy. You gotta your good man." She paused to smile weakly but proudly back at Julius. "Ahhh, but me, all the time work, work. Now looka, looka what I got—I'm sick, I'm weak." She let her arms fall lifelessly, dramatically, to the sides of her chair.

Tessa frowned and whispered, "But how does it look, a man brushing—I can do it."

"Never mind, Tessa," Julius said, "sit, sit. Take a load off your feet." He smiled and winked at her.

"Yeah, sit, sit." Mama echoed, pointing to the empty bed in the room. "Who's minding you Robbie?"

"The girl next door," Tessa said, leaning against the bedpost. "Made a big fuss when I left."

"Ahhh, poor baby. But you don't need to come rushing, Tessa, so long's Julie's here."

"Mama, Julius has a store to run," Tessa spaced her words out carefully, patiently, "He had to take time off—"

"Julie, Julie," Mama turned excitedly to Julius, "nobody's at the store?"

"Sure, Mama, sure, you don't think I'd leave it alone, do you?" He patted her shoulder. "Stop worrying, Frankie's there."

"Frankie's only a kid," Tessa said.

"He knows how," Julius said, frowning and waving the brush above his mother's head signaling Tessa to be quiet. "Don't worry, he knows how."

"Ahhh, see? That's all right then, so long somebody's there, huh, Julie?"

"Sure, Mama, sure."

Shrugging her shoulders, Tessa turned away from them. She pulled herself up onto the high unoccupied bed next to the window and sat there, obviously uncomfortable, trying to brace herself with her slender arms held stiffly behind her.

Over his mother's lowered head, Julius glanced at her. How still she sat, staring out the window, biting her lip. The glow she had had when she came in had faded now; she looked too pale.

"Tessa," he called softly, "All right, Tessa?"

"Oh-sure-fine," she said, offhandedly, without turning towards him.

Mama sat up and peered sideways at Tessa. "She don't feel good?" She hunched her shoulders and spread her hands, "That's what I say, she don't need to come rushing, so long somebody's here—so long you're here, Julie, huh?"

"Sure, Tessa, you don't need to stay. What for? Go home, treat yourself good. Grab a nap." It would be better if she did go. Mama might bring up the subject of coming home to stay with them, and Julius knew that this was not the time—not with Tessa looking so tense and put out. Later, tonight, when they were alone, he would tell her.

"I guess I might as well go," Tessa said half to herself, examining her nails, "treat myself good. Yes. Sure." She slid carefully off the bed.

Julius helped her on with her coat, then, turning her towards him, pressed her upper arms tightly. "Feeling okay, Tess?" he asked. "Huh, Tess? You seem sort of out of breath like, as if—maybe you betta wait till I come."

"No, what for?" Tessa said, buttoning her coat with quick twists of her fingers, "I can go by myself."

"What's a matter, you not feeling so good with this one?" Mama asked, frowning her solicitude. "Well, but with a baby you gotta expect, it's a natural. Ahhh, but looka me," she held out one skinny arm from which the flesh hung loose and baggy, "looka how I'm just a bone. You see how much I'm turning to be a toothpick, Julie, you see?"

"I see, Mama, I see." But his eyes remained on Tessa. "Visiting hours'll be over soon, Tessa, don't go, wait for me."

"Wait for you?" Tessa searched his face, "wait for you?" Her lips trembled. "Half my life, I think, I'm waiting for you." She dropped her eyes and picked at the knobby cloth of her coat.

"What you mean? To the end of visiting hours, Tessa, that's all," Julius said.

"No, Julius, you said go—so I'm going. To Robbie. You stay here with your mother, finish her hair. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"What I want? What I want? Tessa, what you mean—it's what I *have* to do, isn't it? Mama's sick, what else can I do?" He lowered his voice to a whisper and held out upturned hands, "What else you want me to do?"

"Nothing, nothing. Stay here. That's what I said: stay here." She drew away from him and headed for the door.

"What you whisper?" Mama squinted over at them. "Something's wrong? The doctor told you I'm more sick, Julie?"

"No, no, nothing like that, Mama," Julius said over his shoulder. "Tessa! Wait!"

Tessa hesitated in the doorway.

"Julie," Mama called plaintively, "when you gonna finish the hair?"

"I'm going, Julius." Tessa left the room.

"Tessa!" He started after her.

"Julie, where you go?" Mama called.

One foot in and one foot out of the doorway, he paused uncertainly. He glanced back at his mother, then at his wife moving slowly down the hall towards the elevators, placing her feet carefully on the polished hospital floor. She looked so alone. Why couldn't she have waited, why did she insist—

"Julie," his mother moaned, "Julie, too long I'm sitting on this hard old chair. Julie, I'm getting so tired. Julie?"

Dammit! He spun around to face her. Why didn't she leave him alone!

But when he saw her, one arm crooked over the back of the chair to keep herself from falling, her head hanging limply to one side, her hair flowing almost to the floor hiding her face—like one of the half-dead carnations drooping in a vase on the bureau—his anger left him. He went to her quickly, gathered her hair, parted it, then taking one half, he separated it into three equal strands and twined it into a braid.

She was weak. He could feel her trembling against the back of the chair. She would need a lot of care when she came home—a terribly lot of care. And Tessa—would she, could she—

"Mama? Mama, listen—"

"Yeah, Julie?"

"Mama, I wanna, I have to—"

"What, Julie?"

"Look Mama, I think, I think that maybe if—well, see, if your hair, your hair was short, so up there in that convales—in that place, you wouldn't have to comb—" He couldn't go on. He could feel his mother's body go tense, become as still as an animal sensing danger.

He tried to swallow the lousy lump in his throat; it wouldn't go down.

Finally, in a small voice, his mother answered him, "Julie, that's what I tell you, remember? I say maybe short. I tell you that today, no, Julie?"

"Sure, Mama, sure you told me."

I.

How Foreign Is "Foreign Policy"?

One exasperating reality of the problems of the American people in the field of foreign policy is that the term "foreign policy" is something of a misnomer. If such problems are entirely foreign, what are we doing here in the territorial United States, discussing our national interests in an area 7000 or 8000 miles away? And "policy" is perhaps too pretentious a word for the day-by-day action and interaction between the United States and the people and/or governments of the people who live those 7000 or 8000 miles away.

We have all said it so often that, paradoxically, we take it for granted we live in a world of convulsive revolution. We forget there is *nothing* to be taken for granted in a revolution. We know so little of the details of the world our politicians glibly describe as our wards in freedom. This world's tumultuous politics are dictated by everything from the still chaotic tribal traditions of much of Africa, to the super-sophisticated and almost esoteric geo-political contrivances emanating from London and Paris. In between is a whole kaleidoscope of nations, with leadership, views of national interests, understanding of global balances of power tailored to its own increasing public opinion. And over all—over them and all of us—is what is called a "cold war," in various stages of both vigor and demise, led by men who do not really trust each other and who know, as perhaps the only certainty, they cannot really afford to trust or to act as if they do trust.

There was once a time when a strong society could project fairly rigid and lastingly consistent postures toward other societies and then proceed with strategy and tactic tailored to respective instruments of power. But today military power is really a last, not a first instrument of power. Enormous quantities of wealth are still consumed in building incredibly sophisticated war machines. But the more sophisticated deployment of a nation's wealth today, in support of foreign policy, aims at building economic independence, obliterating illiteracy, inspiring rebellion against tyrants, domestic or imported. The result is a world fraught with danger. What we receive back is possible—and sometimes real—economic competition instead of subservient lands and peoples to exploit; political defiance instead of surly submissiveness. We create, or encourage, more self-centered individualistic nationalisms than predictable allies. What sometimes looks like international anarchy is really the explosive power of the American revolution. We have long told ourselves—and perhaps never quite believed—that freedom and independence are risky, dangerous business.

OLDEST, COLDEST WAR

Rabbi Elmer Berger

Their irreducible essence is free choice—and the consequences of free choice. And whether in our homes, in our cities, in our nation or in the erupting world community, where free choice prevails, “one man’s meat is another man’s poison.”

The articulation of American policy objectives in such a world often sounds like the agenda of a mid-week prayer meeting. We wish peace, stability, freedom, self-realization. The trouble with these policies is that, almost by definition, they are often contradictory. How do you, in one and the same policy, arrange for people emerging from colonialism to attain freedom and still enjoy peace? How do you wrap into a single package the agony of intellectual and social revolution and maintain stability?

Meanwhile, too many of the American people are mere spectators in the ensuing confusion. I am no apologist for the Department of State, but I am also no sympathizer of those who seek the sleekness of the Great Society and regard government in this country as a department of life to be left to the professionals. For it is a virtue of our system that the professionals must turn to the people for their mandate. And unless the people know—and care—it is only the rare professional who will rise above the ignorance and apathy. And this leaves the way open for militant, special interest groups, with the skills and power to make their special appeals look like kinetic political power, to move the affairs of men and nations.

The fact is, what most call “policy” today is really composed of relatively limited decisions, taken day-to-day in contexts so fluid and eruptive only those who have the luxury and inclination to second-guess can operate with any assurance of being right. The more realistic appraisal is that we will continue to arise each morning to read newspapers, or listen to newscasts full of the big or little crises which offend our ears, fray our tempers and lead too many of us to ask, “Why are we spending all this money on foreign aid if that so-and-so in what’s-its-name is going to play games with Khrushchev’s duet of successors?”

II.

U. S. National Interests and the Middle East

Consider United States national interests in the Middle East. A general observation from our former Ambassador to Cairo is highly pertinent here:

There is a confusion in the American mind—even among policy-makers—between American interests and what Americans consider desirable. The latter is as broad as the moral values of the particular observer and includes a free press, the parliamentary system, private enterprise—or even

the whole gamut of the American political system. Desirable as these may be to the American, they are not per se American interests, involving the essentials of national security.

Surveying American national interests in the Middle East today, the old Biblical statement that “There is nothing new under the sun” seems almost amusingly apt. Americans have been institutionally associated with the Middle East for more than 100 years, and in varying degrees and long before most of us or our ancestors became Americans, religiously associated with it for two millennia. But it was really not until the treaty-drafting era at the end of World War I that the United States had to put its national interests into precise and substantive terms. These included rights of transit through the waterways of the area, with particular reference then to the Turkish Straits. There were questions of landing rights for the embryonic method of travel by air for both commercial and military purposes. There were also American interests in the fields of education and religious mission activities. And there was genuine American concern for the self-determination of the peoples who were to be emancipated from Ottoman domination. Point XII of Woodrow Wilson’s historic Fourteen Points referred specifically to the Middle East. One specific in this category was the question of Armenia which had agitated Christendom for a long time and had played no small role in the propaganda warfare against the Turks. Not surprisingly, I am afraid, when the wheeling and dealing began in Paris, Armenia assumed a less and less commanding place with almost everyone but the United States.

Another specific involving self-determination was the problem of Palestine and Zionism. There is more than a little evidence suggesting the severest kind of United States reservations about the wisdom and justice of the Balfour Declaration of 1917, with its agreement to “facilitate the establishment” of some vague non-territorial political national entity called “a national home for the Jewish people.” The cynicism with which some of our Allies approached the Palestine problem is set forth with refreshing candor in a Memorandum of Arthur Balfour, written at the time but not released, of course, until a quarter of a century later.

In 1919, Balfour said:

... Whatever be the future of Palestine it is not now an “independent nation,” nor is it yet on the way to become one. Whatever deference should be paid to the views of those who live there, the Powers in their selection of a mandatory do not propose, as I understand the matter, to consult them. In short, so far as Palestine is concerned, the Powers have made no statement of fact which is not admittedly wrong, and no declaration of

policy which, at least in the letter, they have not always intended to violate.

It is simply impossible even to consider some reasonable accommodation to the present Arab-Israeli-Zionist dispute, and the formidable obstacle this problem presents to our country's relations with the Arab states, without paying adequate attention to this wholly indefensible anti-democratic beginning of the Zionist occupation of the territory.

Another important, later to become vital, American interest fifty years ago, was the nascent interest in Middle East oil deposits. The United States Government was interested in protecting the opportunity of American oil concerns for exploration and acquisition of concessions.

III.

The Past Is Prelude

The bare headings describing United States national interests in the Middle East would be very little different from those of a century ago. There are still questions of transit in the area's vital waterways. The question of the Suez Canal may have been settled for our time in the 1956 crisis. The problem of military air-bases may diminish as the newer missile weaponry evolves. But we are still greatly concerned over such bases in Libya. In the newer modes of transit the vital oil pipelines that crisscross the area must now be included. They remain somewhat vulnerable. But except in times of high crisis like 1956, they seem to present problems limited to the negotiations of royalties and other more or less normal substance matter of diplomacy.

The strategic—and even the economic—importance of the area's oil is today a *vital* interest. The 1956 Suez-Sinai crisis demonstrated the dependency of Western Europe on the accessibility of this vast reservoir which approximates 70% of the world's known reserves and shows no signs of exhaustion. New attitudes are entering all diplomacy. If the West needs the oil, and in any event wishes to keep it from Communist hands, Russian or Chinese, it is also true that the maneuverability of the Arabs is somewhat limited by the availability of reliable and legitimate markets and the desire for hard currency. This will test responsible statesmanship on both sides and ultimately put national relationships on a basis of mutual respect, which is about the only basis that has promise of enduring any-way.

United States concerns have hardly diminished in the areas of religious and educational interests. The most thoughtful of the younger Moslems I know realize that the economic and social revolutions convulsing their lives confront them with difficult spiritual dilemmas. Either Eastern Christianity and Islam must find the vitality and vision to effectuate a reformation, or many of those who will inherit whatever the present revolutions accomplish will face improved material advantages with a spiritual nihilism. If, as our Fourth of July orators are wont to remind us, the struggle between the two great power blocs is for and in the minds and spirits

of men, here is a small but vital area of possible help and of sympathetic understanding which we will be wise not to neglect or ignore.

In the field of education our national interests have exploded. If I may be permitted a somewhat less than precisely diplomatic use of the term, they have now become a "vital interest." American educational institutions in the area, the vast programs of student exchange, the cultural exchanges, the technical assistance programs, may most certainly be among our most far-sighted, least dramatic but most constructive implementation of policy. Most of the Middle East nations have a desperate need for technicians at every level from washing-machine repairmen to the esoterics of finance and government. Not the least encouraging sign of the growing maturity of these states, over and above their sometimes fractious politics, is their own admission of this need and the consistency with which they support efforts to supply it. In the whole spectrum of any American's interest in and association with the Middle East nothing quite matches in satisfaction and the sense of accomplishment, a contribution to this exciting challenge of training willing hands and eager minds in the skills upon which any contemporary society is so dependent. And in this group in the process of training, lies the political and social future of these nations, as well. For here are the emergent middle class, the way of transition from the feudal heritage of colonialisms to the release of individuals; from mass anonymity and illiteracy to individuals who will provide the indigenous ferment for advancement which these societies so desperately need.

IV.

Strategy

From the agenda of United States national interests in the Middle East of 50 years ago, this leaves the item of self-determination or independence of the people of the area. This problem raises questions involving essentially three basic forces, which are sometimes in conflict, sometimes in harmony and always closely intertwined:

1. Communism, now in both its Soviet and Chinese manifestations.
2. Arab nationalism, strained and stressed by the emotional but nonetheless real aspiration for Arab unity.
3. Zionism with its power-base in the State of Israel.

As long as the cold war continues—and it seems to me naive to believe many of us will live to see any definitive end to it—the Middle East will remain one of its important theaters. Russian ambitions for expansion into the Middle East go back as far as Alexander the Great. The Revolution of 1917 temporarily diverted attention from those ambitions, but as the Soviet Union mounted power it feinted with Iran, which is of course in relation to Russia the most direct geographically contiguous territory reaching to the heartland of the Levant. In 1947-48, Russia supported Zionist aspirations in Palestine, despite historic domestic opposition to Zionism. Once the Zionist state

was established Russia posed as the Sir Galahad for the Arabs. The Arabs had a major power on their side, even if that major power had its own reasons for the strategy. The Israeli attack in Gaza in 1955 led Nasser to seek an expanded military establishment. For whatever reasons, these arms were not supplied by the West. Nasser then turned to the Soviet bloc. There followed the Suez crisis, the Aswan Dam fiasco, the Kassim revolution in Iraq, the turbulence in Syria. There is now a Communist presence in the Middle East. This does not mean that all revolutionary Arab regimes are Communist. It means that as in almost every other troubled area of the world, by technical assistance, military dependency, subversion, exploitation of poverty and illiteracy and of the conduct of the West in a different era, much of which now looks like mistakes, a Soviet inspired or controlled presence is around to make hay. And since I am advised by most wits that today it is necessary to distinguish between "good and bad" Communists, there are scattered power-bases of the Chinese variety at least in Yemen and Algeria, and perhaps in other places as well.

At least since Suez, British and French power in the Middle East is more apparent than real. The power and prestige of the United States is recognized but recognition does not always imply trust or faith even to the extent of taking the best-intentioned advice. Respect for power, in the psychology of emergent nations, with local pride and prestige and different world-outlooks, certainly does not imply subservience in foreign policy. One of the prices of the very freedom and independence we have helped to create is that a Nasser has a national view with respect to strategies and tactics in the Congo which is at wide variance with our own; a King Hussein has a national view of Israel different from ours; a free Iraq and perhaps an increasingly independent Saudi Arabia have a posture with respect to the Persian Gulf that is in no sense a carbon copy of the British view, or of ours.

Our overly enthusiastic support of Zionism and Israel and our indispensable alliance with Western Europe, including the former colonial powers, in NATO, have contributed to this pot-boiler of diverse national interests. The Arabs know we will not endanger the Western Alliance in the interests of any Middle East situation of lesser dimensions than a possible threat to the peace of the world, as the Tripartite invasion of Sinai-Suez was considered to be. But it is too much to expect them to like this reality or to plan a future in which the old relationships are absolutely inviolate to modification.

Faced with this combination of circumstances, the United States—not without reluctance or trepidation—came to the basic decision that strong, vital, indigenous nationalisms were the area's best defense against Communist takeover. In the long, long pull of history—with many agonies in the interim—this basic posture may be our biggest trump card in the ongoing duel between the world of externally manipulated collectivization and that of free and independent states. But the more we win in *this* struggle, the more violent the headaches we are likely to experience.

In shorter-term perspective this decision sometimes suggests that American policy is as aimless as a cork bobbing on a sea of internecine Arab warfare. The formula does not *preclude* American influence and persuasion through fairly orthodox means, but it does not *include* very much old-fashioned rigging of local governments or imposition of comfortable political ideologies. It is simply a situation in which there is very little genuine profit in trying to eat your cake and have it at the same time.

The indigenous nationalisms of the area embrace a wide variety of people and political philosophies. There are some local-brand Communists, despite assurances that members of the party are in jail. There are more of those who, however well intentioned, are naive, or misguided. As in so many other areas of the world, these think they are expert brinksmen right up to the moment they stumble off the cliff. There are also those, as in every area of the world including our own, who hang on with the fiercest desperation to the shirt-tails of eras that have passed.

V.

Resources for the Strategy

The revolutions in the Arab states that have put the indigenous nationalisms into seats of power are uneven. These nationalisms run the gamut from the delicately poised and sophisticatedly manipulated democracy of Lebanon, through the theoreticians of the Baath in Syria, to the rough and tumble authoritarianism of Egypt's one-man government. There are also monarchies in Jordan and Saudi Arabia, the benevolent absolutists of the Persian Gulf, and the still unconquered royalists of Yemen. Almost each partisan is passionate for his ideas and indulges in all those devices of statecraft which he thinks will aid him and his party. These include bids for arms to anyone who will sell or give them, and propaganda which, in the temper and character of the Near Orient, sets our teeth on edge. There are efforts at subversion—some of which are not really very surreptitious in either conception or execution. Beneath all of this there are deep, persistent currents of passionate aspirations for freedom and unity and fear of retrogression to colonial status. If, rightly, or in error, Nasser sees himself as *the* savior of the Arab world and that world's best hope for realization of its place in the sun, it is an image *not* manufactured out of whole cloth. The ideas he represents have existed for centuries as dormant in the Arab ethos, and have been articulated with increasing vigor since the 1920's. If Nasser engages in combat, through radio or with cadres of infiltrators, with the kings of the area, it is because to him they appear as malingerers on the way to complete emancipation from the unpleasant past. The kings often have seen him as an aggressor pursuing strategies and tactics transgressing the accepted amenities between states—and there is a measure of truth in what they sometimes see. The Baath's find Nasser too much the autocrat and tyrant. Nasser finds the Baath's what he calls "coffee house intellectuals."

Whatever the brand, the revolutionaries of the Middle East are brash, inexperienced, incapable often of tailoring their diet of responsibilities accepted to the capacities for power and execution they possess. And more often than not they see the shape of things to come in patterns not always identical with our own projections. The American Secretary of State sensed something of this when, in 1953, he personally visited the area; and one of his major observations was that the Arabs

are more fearful of Zionism than they are of Communism and fear the United States, lest we become the backers of expansionist Zionism.

But despite these differences among themselves it would be a serious mistake to decide there are really genuine and long-term differences between the Arabs with respect to independence, development and unity. And it would be an even more serious mistake to interpret Arab differences with us as problems to be resolved by attempting to play off one Arab leader against the other; and the worst of mistakes to try to intimidate or frustrate legitimate Arab aspirations by playing the old game of using the Zionist establishment in Palestine as cover for challenging Arab moves. There is no more certain way to insure the most violent disregard for American interests and at the same time, unrelieved and interminable hatred of the State of Israel than in any such alliance, or apparent alliance. We have seen examples of this in various economic development schemes based upon Israel. The whole Eisenhower era's efforts to advance peace in the area through such economic development was naive. Even United States tacit support for the Israeli water diversion plan—and here I have no wish to discuss the complicated question of the merits of the issue—cannot be judged in the area itself, at the present time, in terms of even the most optimistic appraisal of eventual, enlightened self-interest.

By and large, since the middle 1950's the United States has tried to remain neutral in relation to these internal stresses in the Arab world; and with somewhat less success, impartial in the Arab-Israel dispute. If this strategy has not worked to our entire satisfaction, it is nevertheless some improvement over what preceded it. Its greatest failure, perhaps, has been that it has deprived us of any real initiative in the way of policy, or at the very best, with an initiative so weak and anemic it is threatened with collapse on the occasion of every debate on foreign aid. As the recently returned, former United States Ambassador to Cairo put it in an authoritative article in *Foreign Affairs*,

American policy must be aimed at maintaining a relationship with Egypt (and presumably the whole Arab world), not on seeking pretexts to sever it.

Genuine implementation of a genuine position of neutralism in these area disputes does not satisfy the swashbuckling protagonists for a revival of external dictation to the people of the area, or starry-eyed partisans for one or another format of the Arab revolution, Arab socialism and Arab dignity. But it is a better policy than the pro-Israel bias which distinguished our

policy until 1952, and a clear advance over the days when we were largely Charlie McCarthys to British and French policies in the area. If this policy does not provide an eruption of love and affection from every nook and cranny of the Arab world, it has enabled us to maintain varying approaches, tailored to the unevenness of the area's national and local revolutions; and as we have, even a little and slowly, freed ourselves from vassalship to Israel's Zionist lobbies in our domestic political scene, we have achieved some freedom of political action in our relations with the majority of the area.

The historic aspiration of Arab unity is inseparable from the question of independence for the Arab states. Despite the obvious present frustrations and the conflicting formulas for realization of this goal, few sober

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO STARBUCK'S
" 'KEATS' 'CHAPMAN'S 'HOMER' " " "

My name is Richards, and I need all the help I can get.
Tigers have no symmetry but that
The mind gives them, sloppily ordering out
Into a fearful slickness, stripes that merge and molt.

Homer to Chapman to Keats to Starbuck to me,
The words work out, the punctuation falls in neatly:
Three quotes, then two, then one, and back again
Like stripes that straighten out and fall in line.

Young tigers always seek a varied prey,
Then they grow disillusioned, and don't try
As a spirit, waning, turns on itself
And lame tigers sit and lose their teeth.

Homer could take on a tiger with stripes that run
Awry; Keats and Starbuck, maybe, one
With those symmetrical stripes I stole from Blake—
And as for me, I'm a hemophiliac.

Tad Richards

students dismiss its emotional power and omnipresent appeal. It is not without significance that the *New York Times* on December 12, 1964, reported, "Representatives of Arab Communist parties" meeting secretly, issued a call for unity in all Arab states from "North Africa and the Middle East"; and they hailed, with enthusiasm, the emerging collaboration between the U.A.R. and Algeria. How, when and in what form unity will come and how much of the Arab world it will embrace are questions only people with greater vision and more fortitude than I would venture now to answer. I believe that the United States is in sympathy with the aspiration and I believe most responsible Arabs know this. But the United States, I think, is determined to allow the Arabs to work out their own answer to this, their own problem. There is one proviso. All revolutions are dirty business, but we are determined to prevent, if we can, the forceful overthrow of rival governments by proponents of one or another formula for regional unity.

"The Oldest, Coldest War"

The problem of unity brings us to the Palestine problem, or what Cyrus Sulzberger recently called "The Oldest, Coldest War of All." United States national interests to develop and stabilize the Middle East cannot be realized without at the very least some accommodation in the Arab-Israel problem. And if we wish to understand the feeling of the majority population of the area it is essential to see this one problem against the full agenda of the area's history and present aspirations.

One of the troubles in attempting to discuss this problem in the United States is the all too prevalent tendency of partisans on both sides to ignore a United States position which is not identical with either Israel, its Zionist appendage, or the position of the Arab states. Some years ago an American Assistant Secretary of State stated this basic fact:

If we are to be accused of being "pro" anything, let us make it amply clear that prefix can only apply to one thing, and that is that our policy is first and foremost "pro-American."

Let me begin, therefore, by applying some general United States policy decisions to this problem as I have to other problems in the area.

The United States has determined not to attempt, unilaterally, to impose on the inhabitants of the area its preferences or solutions for *any* internal area problems. There is little present inclination among the Arab-Israel disputants themselves to reach an understanding either on the problem as a whole or any significant parts of it. There is therefore little likelihood of any early peace.

One of the few facts about the Arab-Israel-Zionist dispute which can be stated categorically is that given the 50-year history of this problem, no one who starts from 1948 will have a chance to be helpful. The problems which the Arab-Israel war of 1948-49 left date their origins to three decades before those hostilities.

The first is the question of land.

It is quite true that most of the land owned by the Zionists prior to 1948-49 had been purchased—and at high prices. It represented something like 6 percent of the territory now comprising the State of Israel. Arab resistance to land purchase mounted when the politically conscious and nationalistically minded Arabs realized that Zionist land-policies were not dictated by economic consideration of the country as a whole, but by political considerations for a Zionist state controlled in the interest of Zionist nationality. Efforts to find a land-purchase formula acceptable to both Zionists and Arabs occupied much of the attention of Britain as the Mandatory Power. Few ever worked for long and none resolved the basic political problem.

The land problem continues in the dispute over ultimate boundaries between Israel and the Arab states. Israel claims at least the territory it now occupies, by right of conquest. Arab propaganda generally stresses Arab intention to reconquer it. Then Israel argues

that it exists by virtue of the United Nations action of 1947. When the Arabs suggest, however, cynically or seriously, that they are willing to negotiate on the basis of the 1947 United Nations recommendation, Israel reverts to the right of conquest claim.

Because land in this part of the world is of little use unless it can be feasibly irrigated, Israel's determination to divert Jordan River water to irrigate the Negev, or southern part of the country, is an immediate and dramatic manifestation of this historic problem of land. This accounts for the present intense diplomatic and propaganda activity emanating from both parties to the old controversy. It is possible—and certainly highly to be desired—that no military confrontation will ensue. The precipitate rise of border incidents, however, leaves many observers less sanguine about such a prospect than they might have been a year ago, following the Arab summit meeting in Cairo.

But whatever the outcome of the present confrontation over riparian interests, the result should not be mistaken for any end in this "oldest, coldest war." Unless, eventually, political solutions are found for basically political problems, either the water problem or the problem of nuclear weapons, or some other new—or old—facet of this historic struggle can too easily be escalated on both sides to a situation of fairly terrifying proportions.

Though neither the Israelis nor the Arabs put much faith in it, a so-called Tripartite agreement, in which England, France and the United States guarantee to prevent aggression in the area, does exist. The British and the French emasculated their assets in the agreement at Port Said in 1956. But the United States regards the agreement as viable and would, I believe, invoke it if necessary—and against any aggressor.

The second factor in the Palestine problem with origins reaching back three decades before 1947-48, is the question of Zionist immigration. From the very beginning of the Mandate, the World Zionist Organization had a large say in determining the immigration policy for Palestine. It still does. It was—and is—a wholly abnormal situation. A "public body," synthetically created to represent an entity few believe to exist, called "the Jewish people," composed of citizens of many nations of the world other than Palestine, was named explicitly as consultant to determine the basic right of the people of any country to determine who may enter its society—in this situation, Palestine. Bal-four's brutally frank admission that no one intended to pay any attention to the wishes of the inhabitants of Palestine is the only possible explanation.

The abnormalities inherent in this situation were reinforced by the criminalities of Nazi policies against the Jews of Europe. Then the facade of the World Zionist Organization as *consultant* in matters of immigration was dropped and in a unilateral action, not unique in Zionist history, the organization mounted the campaign of illegal immigration. The emotional human problem generated by the refugees from Hitlerism cannot be ignored. The Zionist apparatus, already called a shadow "government" in 1937, exploited these

humanitarian motivations for its own political ends. The Arabs recognized the exploitation even if much of the rest of the world did not.

How many of Israel's approximately 2,000,000 present population were—or are—legitimate refugees, is a moot question. Some are. More, however, are in Israel because of the aggressive national policy of the State of Israel to recruit manpower—a not unique national interest. But it is, I think, unique for one sovereign state to permit money to be raised from its own citizens under the guise of philanthropy in order to finance the national policy of another state, when that second state's policy is inconsistent with the policy of the first state. Yet, this is precisely the advertised situation in the United States today with respect to an agency of the World Zionist Organization operating here through the United Jewish Appeal.

VII.

Signposts for U. S. Policies

The United States—at least at the level of declaratory policy—has expressed opposition to what Mr. Dulles in 1954 called “expansionist Zionism.” He was not very explicit about what he meant by this term, but since that date the United States has taken some occasions to express opposition to Israel policy of promoting the unlimited immigration of Jews to the State. American vacillation in the past has created a condition, however, in which it is not very surprising that neither the Israelis nor the Arabs take these policy statements too seriously. Meanwhile, on Israel's borders today are about 1,100,000 Arab refugees. There is little profit in the popular game of recriminations and counter-recriminations about who is responsible for the flight of the first of these refugees. For the most part, without much encouragement needed from anyone, they fled like most civilian populations in the middle of war. A further fact is that it is generally accepted as a fundamental human right for such people to be permitted the choice of repatriation, if they so elect. The United Nations position consistently reflects this basic human right and calls for a clear choice for the refugees between repatriation and compensation. In the main the United States has supported it. Unfortunately, until now however, it has not been possible even to win Israeli acceptance of the basic principle. As a matter of basic strategy, the United States shares a fairly prevalent world opinion that some break in the 17-year-old impasse over the Arab refugee question is a prerequisite to any eventual total accommodation in the Palestine problem.

Finally, and perhaps fundamentally, the most important of the historic elements of controversy in the Palestine question, is the problem of where the political center of gravity and responsibility resides for the State of Israel.

The Balfour Declaration as interpreted by Zionists and the State of Israel—and basically unchallenged by any major power—speaks of the rights of something called “the Jewish people.” The Zionist apparatus repeatedly claimed that these “rights” inscribed in the international agreements were never limited to those



Zionists—or even to those Jews—who opted for Palestine, or Israel, as their legal state. Israeli citizenship is limited to those who enter the country, but Israel's nationality and immigration legislation is targeted at any citizen of any other state who is identified as a Jew. The highest courts in the State of Israel took the occasion of the Eichmann Trial Judgments to call Israel “the sovereign state of the Jewish people,” and to claim a legal link between this so-called “Jewish people” and the State.

Two corollary facts require at least passing notice.

1. Throughout Zionist history, including the period of the existence of the State of Israel, significant numbers of Jews in England, the United States and other democratic states have insisted upon retaining in public law the status of individuals, with the undivided nationality status of the country of their legal citizenship. They have formally and publicly rejected Zionism and its juridical claims in behalf of a so-called “Jewish people” public body. The American Council for Judaism is today the latest, the most significant and articulate organized expression of this anti-Zionist conviction. Its efforts to persuade the United States Government to denounce these Zionist-Israel claims as illegal, improper and involuntary for those Americans who are identified as Jews only recently have begun to produce rewarding results. On April 20 of last year The Council was the recipient of a historically significant letter from the Assistant Secretary of State in which it was explicitly stated “the Department of State does not regard the ‘Jewish people’ concept as a concept of international law.” The reason for this declaration is made clear in the full text of the letter itself as well as in The Council's long, legal and detailed contributions to the exchange. Essentially, the legal aides to the Department of State found “the Jewish people” nationality concept fostered by Israel and its Zionist appendage to be inconsistent with the Constitutional rights of individual United States citizens of Jewish faith. The threat to this normal American nationality status derives from the basis in Zionist and Israeli law which assigns to citizens and nationals of states other than Israel, if they are identified as Jews, a system of national “rights” and obligations pertaining to the State of Israel.

The April 20, 1964, letter was an important statement of policy, therefore. But it needs to be added that its general character leaves much to be done in terms of applying and implementing it with respect to much of the ongoing Zionist-Israel program. Such implementation, in my opinion, would be consistent with the genuine desires of most American Jews.

2. The second corollary fact is that the unilateral Zionist-Israel claims for a second involuntary nationality for all Jews does *not* mean that the majority of American Jews accept or are reconciled to this legal-political presumption. Like most of their fellow Americans, they do not understand Zionism. The unilaterally claimed Zionist second nationality therefore is not to be confused with a combination of national loyalties. Nationality is a legal, objective phenomenon. In the main, loyalty is a subjective, personal attitude.

VIII.

Something New Under the Sun of Information

In the spring and summer of 1963 the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate made a historic contribution to available knowledge for all Americans, enabling them to recognize the genuine character of the Zionist apparatus. For the first time since the United States legally recognized the World Zionist Organization as a foreign "public body" in 1924, an authoritative part of the United States Government has put on the public record the details of this movement's operations as a lobby for a foreign principal in the United States.

More than \$5,000,000 was put at the disposal of this apparatus over a period of about seven years, from 1955 to 1962. The funds were used to influence United States policy-makers, the press, radio, television, centers of Middle East studies in American universities. Christian fronts were established to persuade the American people that the Christian leadership of this country supported Zionist-Israel policies. The amounts of money expended for these purposes in the United States by this Zionist-Israel apparatus either approximately equal or surpass the amounts spent for "information services" by major powers like Britain, France, Italy, or West Germany. Those interested in our country's genuine national interests in the Middle East should obtain the record and read it—and then make their reactions felt in all places where the lobby has worked.

Among the distinguished Americans who have complained bitterly from high offices, unfortunately after the fact, are James Forrestal, Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower and most recently Robert Murphy, Mr. Foreign Service himself.

As long as this abnormal Zionist appendage remains a sacred cow to Americans and their political and journalistic servants, the Arabs view *any* United States initiative in the Palestine problem with little more than suspicion, at the best, and hostility at the worst. As Dr. Joseph Johnson said in his magnificent address to the American Assembly in October, "The answer lies here at home."

Sooner or later the United States—and all others in-

terested in the strength and stability of the Middle East—must face the choice. Israel must be judged either as a normal state and on its own limited merit, or as an experimental station to be treated as a client, a charitable enterprise, a humanitarian adventure. As such it may be subsidized by those interested in such things, renouncing its inflated claims to the democratic power-center of the area and subject to the conditions imposed by its idealistic benefactors. I am rather inclined to believe Arabs might consider some accommodation on either basis. But they cannot reconcile themselves to the continuing Jekyll and Hyde role which Zionism has cynically played for the fifty years it has occupied more of the world politics and diplomacy than it merits.

Mr. Henry A. Byroade, in 1954, as American Assistant Secretary of State, made an effort in this direction. He said:

To the Israelis I say that you should come to look upon yourselves as a Middle East State and see your own future in that context rather than as a headquarters, or nucleus so to speak, of world-wide groupings of people of a particular religious faith who must have special rights within and obligations to the Israeli state.

With equal candor, Byroade advised the Arabs to "accept *this* State of Israel as an accomplished fact." It may be significant that the Zionists and Israelis mounted the usual campaigns *against* the Assistant Secretary, while he was welcomed, for a time, as United States Ambassador to Cairo.

Mr. John Badeau, former American Ambassador to Cairo, wrote recently in a similar, even if somewhat less explicit vein. The United States, he argued, *has* commitments to Israel. Then he added:

It needs to be made clear both in Congress and in sections of the general public that the American commitment to Israel is *limited*. Our commitments are not based on the assumption that in every and all circumstances we will come to Israel's aid. Nor is Israel (or any other Middle East state) the chosen instrument of the United States in its policy toward the area. The basic consideration must always be what serves American interests in the Middle East. And this must be so regardless of its effect in helping or hurting either Israel or the U.A.R.

It must, of course, be added that in reaction to an American policy motivated by such attention to our own national interests, Israel and the U.A.R. must be expected to do everything possible in *their* respective national interests. This may *sound* like a reversion to the old power-plays and the law of the jungle instead of respect for negotiation, conciliation and accommodation. But this *need* not follow, *if* the true national interests of the parties are incompatible with justice, equity, peace and the other virtues so glibly and eloquently used by statesmen as "the badge of their race." But to prevent catastrophe following from Ambassador Badeau's realistic advice, the American people will have to know and understand the real policy goals of their own Government and those of the other nations in-

volved. And it is precisely here where American policy-support breaks down in the Middle East because, for far too long, the American people have been spoonfed little but mythology—religious, political and economic—about one state in the area, and what a distinguished American columnist and foreign affairs commentator calls “Wog Psychology” about the other states in the area. And the policy-makers of American life are never more reluctant to take the American people into their confidence, to replace what John Kennedy called “myths” with facts, than in the old, festering conflict in the Middle East. It cannot be any surprise that the result is a disservice to all interested parties—not the least to ourselves.

IX.

The Greatest U. S. Asset — “Good Faith”

There are no objective reasons why the United States should not lead in clarifying this deliberately confused, temporarily submerged, but inescapably central political problem of the Middle East. The official declaration of the State Department in the letter of April 20, 1964, to which I have already referred—in which “the Jewish people” nationality concept is declared to be invalid because of inconsistency with the United States Constitutional system—is a beginning.

This categorical statement of legal policy may prove to be of historic significance in the history of the Palestine problem. It is not, of itself, a solution to practical problems of political policy. But it must follow, in logic and law, that if “the Jewish people” concept is not legally valid then the Zionist-Israel structure operating in the United States and investigated last year by the Senate is not legally tolerable; for this apparatus is predicated upon and translates into practical political and financial action “the Jewish people” concept. It must follow, too, that Israel’s claims to a constituency of Jews who are legal citizens and nationals of other states must be ruled legally indefensible. The realization of these—and other—practical applications of this significant statement, however, will not follow automatically. The Government of all the American people enunciated this legal policy and in doing so became the first major power of the free world to start the process of clarifying who is, and who is not, the responsible body-politic of the Israeli sovereignty. And this legal policy declaration was, moreover, handed down in the context of a long exchange in which the Council insisted such a declaration was mandatory upon our Government by virtue of both public international and

American Constitutional law. My point is that although The Council may be in the vanguard of pursuing the practical applications of this legal policy declaration, all Americans may join in the effort, each in his own way identifying Zionist propaganda and political activity for the illegal foreign incursions in American life they are; and insisting that the competent departments of our own Government apply this legal policy to the apparatus which the State of Israel runs here and which is patronized all too often by mendacious American politicians. Most American Jews would welcome such application. The issues would be defined and they could make an informed choice. The Arabs, I believe, would find it easier to hurdle their present psychological road-blocks to some objective judgments of how peace would serve their own interests. Ultimately, even the State of Israel would benefit from some realistic appraisal of its limited role as a normal state. But most of all, the United States would be doing that which, I believe, it must inescapably do in every difficult world situation where it hopes to exert a benevolent influence for peace. There has never been anything democratic in the racist and/or religious-centered nationality of Zionism. The result of our country’s ambivalence in this situation has been to vitiate our influence. Unquestionably, to restore our true national image in this problem the American people will need to be more critically alert. The American press has been almost criminally negligent in terms of its obligations to help provide such vigilance. The incumbents and aspirants to incumbency of elective office have been more culpable. But a vital, free people can re-examine their opinions and conduct. If they have been victimized by determined minorities, in the final analysis they have their own lethargy and apathy to blame. America still has great assets in its relations with the difficult, individualistic and resourceful people of the Middle East. The proper cultivation of these assets can realize our national objectives in the area, which, on the whole, I believe—and not forgetting inevitable conflicts of strategies and tactics—are held in mutual interest with the people of the area, themselves.

Some months ago, in a letter to the Editor of the *New York Times*, George Kennan rebuked Congress on another foreign relations problem. He said the particular members of the House and Senate “may not believe that the good faith of this Government is vital to the security of the United States.” Then he added, “I do.” No curtain line more clearly expresses my conviction about our country’s posture toward its Middle East responsibilities than Mr. Kennan’s statement.



Grandma's Dolls

Marti Kristen

Every evening they all had tea together—Grandma and her dolls. In the summer it was out on the porch, in the winter or rainy weather in the drawing room.

The dolls were pretty old, and showed signs of it. Molly's nose was gone and she had no feet. Emily was without hands and hair. Dorothy's marble eyes had dropped out years ago. The youngest, Emily, was more than sixty years old.

Grandma herself was rather old, past eighty. She had white hair, a bluish white because it was so thin now, and thin, blue-veined hands, very bony. Everything about her seemed bluish white—her face, which was bluish white and very wrinkled, and even her eyes of faded, whitish blue. She dressed in the long floor-length blue dresses of her childhood, and she dressed the dolls in them too. Often she sighed over the dolls.

But they were all happy together, and every evening they had tea, on the porch or in the drawing room.

During the day she sat in her rocker and re-did the dolls' dresses so that they would be attractive for the tea. She had done this in her childhood, and she did it now, although it seemed to take all her time. She could not always see to thread the needle, and sometimes not even where to sew. Some of the dresses came out horribly mixed up, but she stitched away and improved them over and over.

But in the evening they all had tea.

"Now, Emily," Grandma would say, setting the girls up in their rotting rattan chairs to the decaying bamboo table, "you must be a nice girl this evening, very polite and not fight with Mildred again. You must both be on your best behavior, for Dorothy is coming for tea. Oh, dear—there she is now. I hear her at the door. Now, remember—no more quarreling. I'll greet her."

And Grandma would hobble into the house to fetch Dorothy.

After she had taken care of the pleasantries of greeting among the girls and had set Dorothy up to the table, she would hobble back and fetch the tea things and lay them out—tiny, cracked cups and saucers and bread-and-butter plates wrought in blue and white with the lavish, fancy designs of an age long past. She bustled about and poured imaginary tea into the fragile miniatures and cut the imaginary bread and buttered it and laid the slices before the girls.

All the while she kept up a chatter with them.

"Oh, Dorothy, Emily and Mildred are so glad you stopped in this evening. They've been dying to hear where you got that lovely dress. It's so lovely!"

"And, oh, Emily dear—Dorothy is so admiring of your lovely hair do. It reminds her of when she was a girl. They did it just that way then."

And Grandma would caress Emily's bald head.

On other evenings the arrangements would be different. "Now, Emily, you must sit over there, because

Mildred is the guest of honor tonight. It's her birthday! Oh, dear—we won't say how many candles go on the cake!"

Some evenings she kept arranging and re-arranging the dolls.

"Now, Mildred, you sit over here, and Dorothy over there. No, no, Emily—that's Dorothy's place. You've taken Dorothy's place. Over here on the left. And really, Mildred dear! You're sitting in Emily's place—not where you're supposed to at all! Oh, dear—you girls are so obstreperous tonight!"

And she would cluck and frown at them reprovingly.

After which she would bring out the tea things and hold the chipped cups to their cracked lips. And she would kiss and caress them, hugging each in turn.

"Oh, you dear, dear girls!" she would sigh, her eyes misted over with tears. "How dear you are to me! My, Mildred, I can remember the Christmas that Mama gave you to me! I was only fifteen then. It doesn't seem like nearly seventy years ago. Where have they all gone!"

And she would hug Dorothy to her withered bosom.

"Why, it seems like only yesterday," she would say. "I remember it all so vividly. It's as if I were there again. And I remember Mama. Sometimes I almost imagine that we're back there, and Mama is alive, and I'll turn and say something to her. A hundred times a day I think that. Oh, it's all so real! And you all look so bright and fresh and young. Oh, you are such dears!"

She played with the dolls and talked to them and gave them goodies. She sighed over them and caressed them, had them say nice things to one another and smoothed over their girlish quarrels.

And every evening they all had tea together.

One evening there was an unbidden guest. This was the little girl who lived in the house next door. She was a slender, shy little girl with long, sober face and golden hair that hung in ringlets over her shoulders. Her eyes were large and blue.

Often in the evenings she had stolen over through the garden and stood behind the rosebushes, her thumb in her mouth and one bare foot pressed on top of the other. She watched Grandma and her dolls at tea, and listened, her blue eyes wide. Her breath caught in her throat as she looked at the dolls, and every evening she came closer.

This evening Grandma saw her.

"Oh, hello there, little girl!" Grandma called, peering down.

The little girl stood gazing silently.

"Do you like dolls?" asked Grandma.

The little girl nodded.

Grandma went on arranging the tea things. It was Mildred's turn to sit facing the garden, and Grandma had quite a time getting Emily to give up the favored seat.

"Sometimes they're selfish," Grandma smiled. "But they're good girls."

The little girl stared in silence.

Grandma turned to her. "Do you have any dolls, little girl?" she asked.

The little girl shook her head. "Just Bejji."

"Oh?" said Grandma. "Who's Bejji?"

"Just—Bejji," said the little girl. "That's my teddy bear. I got him for Christmas. He doesn't have any eyes either."

Grandma looked at her.

"But Mama's going to sew some on," said the little girl. "I love him."

"Oh dear," said Grandma, fussing with the tea things again.

The little girl crept closer.

"Are they having tea?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Grandma. "They have tea together every night."

"I know," said the little girl.

Grandma looked at her.

"I just *love* those dolls," said the little girl. "I just *love* them!"

Grandma gazed at the dolls. "They're very dear dolls," she said. "I had them when I was a little girl."

"Was that a long time ago?" asked the little girl.

Grandma was silent.

"It doesn't seem so long," she said. "It doesn't seem so long ago."

The little girl was up on the steps now, half sitting. She looked up at the dolls.

"Oh, I just *love* those dolls!" she said.

"This one is Mildred," said Grandma. "And this is Emily. And this here is Dorothy. My mother played with her when she was a girl. And Papa brought the table and chairs and tea things back from a trip—oh, so long ago—because I had been such a good girl. I remember it so *clearly*."

"They have lovely names," said the little girl. "I just *love* them!"

Grandma looked at the dolls. "Say good evening to the little girl," she said. "Be polite now. She's come over to see you for a moment."

"Good evening," said the little girl. "Good evening, Mildred and Dorothy and Emily."

Grandma smiled at the dolls. "There—so polite of you!" she said.

The little girl crept up.

"Can I hold one of them?" she said. "Please—for just a minute?"

Grandma glanced at her "Oh, dear—" she said. "Well—"

She had a hard time making up her mind. Then gingerly she picked Mildred up and let the little girl hold her.

"Be careful with her—" she said.

"Oh, I will!" said the little girl. "I just *love* these dolls!"

And she looked down into Mildred's long sightless eyes and stroked her bald head and rocked her back and forth. Grandma hovered about with bony, blue-veined fingers.

"Be careful now," she said. "Be careful. She's very delicate. Here, maybe you'd better give her back. She hasn't finished her tea yet."

With deep, rueful eyes the little girl gave her back.

She looked up at Grandma.

"Can I have one of the dolls?" she said "Just one—please? I'd be very careful with her, and I don't have any dolls, and I'd just *love* her to death. I just *love* these dolls!"

Grandma sat very still in her rocker.

"Oh—dear—" she said. "I don't think—"

"Please?" said the little girl. Just one? I'd just *love* her!"

"Oh, well—" said Grandma. "Perhaps she wouldn't be happy—away from the others. They've all been together for so long."

The little girl was silent. Then she looked up again.

"Mama says you're very old," she said. "You might die soon. She says you don't have any children to give them to. Could I have them then? When you die. I'd be *very* good to them, and take good care of them, and just *love* them—"

Grandma looked at her with her faded, white-blue eyes.

"Oh—well—" she said. "That may not be *very* soon."

"But when you do? Can I then—please?"

Slowly Grandma rocked back and forth. "That might be—" she said. "You might be too old to play with dolls then."

"Oh, but—please?"

Grandma rocked in silence, looking at her dolls.

"They're very precious dolls," she said. "I had them when I was a girl. They've been with me a long, long time. I don't think they'd be happy without me. Maybe they couldn't love anyone else. I think they'll want to—well, come with me."

"Oh, please—?" said the little girl. "I just *love* those dolls!"

Grandma said nothing.

"Well, would you ask them please?" said the little girl. "Maybe they want to—"

"I already have," said Grandma

"You have?" said the little girl. "What did they say?"

"They said—" said Grandma. "They want to come with me."

The little girl gazed down in silence.

Grandma looked at her. "Isn't that your mother calling you?" she said. "Perhaps you'd better go back. Besides, the girls haven't finished their tea yet, and they have a lot to talk about."

Slowly the little girl turned.

She moved off through the rose bushes, her thumb in her mouth and her little bare feet plodding through the warm dust. But as she moved, she turned and kept gazing back. Dejectedly the blue eyes gazed at the dolls.

But Grandma was busy with the tea things again, and the girls.

"Now, Emily," she said, "you mustn't be selfish. It's Mildred's turn to sit facing the garden. You sat there last night. Tomorrow Dorothy can sit there, and then it'll be your turn again. Now, no quarreling. I'll have to take the tea things in and put you all to bed without your supper."

After that the girls were very nice and sweet to one another.

Grandma looked out over the garden, in the direction that the little girl had gone. "Isn't it strange," she sighed, "when I was a little girl I was so alone, and now, at the end of my life, I'm alone again. Without you I'd be so alone."

Then they all had tea together—Grandma and her dolls.



THE DEPOSITION

Her mouth hangs like a socket from which some noise appropriate to it has been disconnected. Evidence of real violence flakes from her working cheek like dried hot chocolate. Whatever she's been through these didn't do it. The desk sergeant leaning forward looks merely sick. The kid back from the corner with coffee for the boys looks ill-completed.

There is no malice in the detective lieutenant's frown, nor ugliness in the way his fellow officer shoulders deponent's weight by means of deponent's arm:

nothing here to alarm
the hastily-summoned License Bureau stenographer
who kneels, straining to follow, taking her down.

IN DEEP

Dive in here. Feathery underwater vines follow each undulation of their salt-thick medium. Here constrictors flayed to the quick pack and re-pack their disgraceful serpentine while tenuous jellies tangle their life-lines tight. It's the Sea's bad dream come true: the slick flesh in the swim of itself: the climactic balancing act of mutual ill designs

you thought it was. But dive. Dive where each cell sucks for dear life at the perfect living hell of its neighbors' hungers. And then tell me: what have you proved it, less than the miracle: the wind-silhouetted girl: her gaiety to show me dolphins making light of the sea?

George Starbuck

Suicide as a Dying Art

David Norwood

It really is a shame to spoil things for the Do-It-Yourself addicts in our society, but the rotten truth about suicide is that, no matter how hard you may try to bump yourself off nowadays, the prevailing odds are that you will simply die in the attempt.

So if you are planning to die with your boots on—say alone in a locked room on the end of the family clothesline, stomach full of strychnine and wrists dripping blood, don't count on an appearance in the honors list of the Department of Vital Statistics under "Suicide." Actually registrars and coroners and other people whose business it is to look after these things will candidly admit that most genuine suicide cases never make it. Since the rules allow only 100% All-American Success Stories to be listed, and don't permit even a hint of "Likely" suicides to go on the books, there is no telling how many thousands go unrewarded by official recognition.

"Think of a number—and double it" say the experts with a mystified shrug. "There are probably more suicide deaths than traffic fatalities in cities" chorus not a few metropolitan authorities. Within the insurance business, where some mighty suspicious claims come home to roost, a lawyer once traced painstakingly through a sample of 150 shady cases that had got to court and been judged not to be suicides. Of these 150, his finding showed, no less than 107 were declared to be indisputable suicides after closer checking by higher courts. And this two-out-of-three ratio of lost causes that may never have been found doesn't include all the cases that do not involve insurance or otherwise get the length of legal investigation at all.

There are a lot of deaths recorded in the U.S.A. in a fancy assortment of classes, the total approaching the 2,000,000 mark every year. Only about 20-odd thousand get marked down as official suicides! Well may we wonder just how many legions of self-starters (or self-finishers?) end up on the records merely as "Causes of Death Unknown," which is somewhat unrewarding, or as "Victims of Accidental Death," which is most undignifying. It can certainly be mortifying!

Even GIs, practised as they are in firearms drill and military-style planning, don't always report in with their "mission accomplished." In trouble after a wild spree on the town in Germany where he was stationed, a downhearted master-sergeant told his commiserating buddies that the "Dishonorable Discharge" threat hanging over his head was really getting him down. Half-an-hour later the crack of a .45 army colt brought them running to the barracks and when they got to him he was stretched out dead on his cot with a suicide note balanced squarely on top of his chest. Although the court admitted that it was "undoubtedly" a suicide letter, it still felt obliged to deny a suicide verdict. On the stretched theory that the pistol recoil

would have sent the paper flying, the judge ruled that someone else must have been in the room.

Down in Texas they do things big in every way. This was where a real dandy of a lover's tiff ended not long ago. He was a married man with passion to spare and she was a lady who was not his loving wife—nor even a faithful paramour apparently. "Someday I'll walk in front of a car because of you" was the threat the lovelorn swain had often made, and, suiting action to his words one night when things got heated, he hopped out of the convertible she was driving and headed for the oncoming traffic. She dragged him back in, only to have to go through it all over again when he went for a passing truck. The third time she gave up—and he lunged, arms waving wildly, right under the wheels of a bus.

"Not necessarily suicide" was the considered verdict of the court, solemnly pointing out that pedestrians might easily stumble in haste to cross the highway to catch a bus. Certainly people have to step smartly to meet bus schedules nowadays. Only this happened to be a *school* bus!

These are but samples from the crowded annals of "Unproven Suicide Stories," wherein all manner of significant evidence (threats, notes, eyewitnesses even) has transpired to be just as fatal to the arguments of those who cried "suicide" as the finishing-stroke turned out to be for the victims.

The basic principle is called The Presumption Against Suicide, four little words that have been expanded into millions by word-happy judges. Essentially the rule means that when the evidence reveals that it was probably suicide, but that it could possibly have been an accident, the Law will presume it wasn't suicide every time. Or to put it another way, to plead suicide you must have proof not only that the facts are consistent with suicide but that they are inconsistent with any other reasonable theory of death. On this straightforward legal test, however, you need all straight A's; anything less won't even get you honorable mention.

The thing to remember about suicide is that you just won't be around afterwards to defend yourself, so your first job is to leave a powerful trail of evidence that will.

To have any hope of success at all you must always have a whacking big motive; without a cast-iron one, you don't stand a chance. Yet the most compelling stories of desperation can still go unrecognized. The Law reasons that since people with the best motive in the world for suicide often don't do it, and folks with no good reason sometimes do, a violent demise coinciding with a violently logical motive only goes to show what strange coincidences there can be.

Now the most obvious way to record your intent is to spell it out in monosyllables that even a judge will understand. But just how good are you at expressing yourself? What seem to be strong words in given circumstances can turn out to be weak platitudes when considered afterwards. "I shot myself," for example, coming from the dying lips of a victim, is a statement full of ambiguity, when you think of it—just as easily conveying the notion that the trigger got jogged by

mistake. A court in South Carolina, in another case, wasn't convinced at all by such apparently lucid language as "I'm 'phoning to say goodbye. This time I'm going to kill myself." Other courts, needless to say, have given short thrift to less pointed conversations.

Of course, it is to avoid just such misinterpretations that the suicide industry recommends the melodramatic Suicide Note. But it does pay to brush up your vocabulary, and perhaps even go the length of investing in one of those correspondence courses in writing. One loving husband's last, unselfish thoughts were that he wanted his wife to get his insurance money, Alas, like most wives, she wasn't completely dutiful, and, so taken was she with his beautiful letter (and with his last resting place in the tranquility of their lilypond) that she neglected to follow his specific instructions to get rid of it. He had been so immaculate too in his masterpiece, penning this deadly, if not deathless, prose.

"Destroy this . . . for anything that happens to me must be an 'accident.' It'll make a lot of difference to your insurance."

No matter, though—the fact that she preserved the note for posterity (and the court) made not a whit of difference to the insurance after all. Suicide wasn't part of the trial verdict.

So "Put it in writing" is good advice, but hardly fool-proof.

And when it comes to method, it is futile, if not self-defeating, to be tempted by those innovators in the trade who have forever delighted connoisseurs with feats of athletics, home-made Mechanics-Illustrated type contraptions, bizarre poisons, or other examples of the American genius for private enterprise. Sad to say, the moral for all students of *modus operandi* is "Keep It Simple." Pay heed to the recent Oregon lawsuit, where the judge's decision was that if the deceased had wanted to commit hara-kiri he clearly would have chosen "a much less complicated method."

Hopeful would-be suicides will have gathered by now that it's a tricky game, with rules that are tough to learn—and tougher to beat. And for all that you are a careful and prudent citizen, it's not the kind of problem you can very well clear with your attorney.

First you must pass the physical at your autopsy. Wouldn't it bring a warm glow to your cold cadaver if the doctor printed "Suicide" in indelible ink on your Death Certificate? But not so fast. A Death Certificate is but a useless piece of paper in court, and may often be inadmissible as evidence at that! Next step along is the Coroner's Court, complete with strict rules of evidence and all. But coroners can intone their suicide verdicts as officially as they like; they prove nothing to any self-respecting trial court.

Frustrations. Frustrations? What with Legal Presumptions and Absolute Proof. And Motive, and Method and Madness too. Feel like climbing the walls? Too late. There actually is a case on record of a frenetic fellow who died *literally* from banging against the brickwork; and yes, of course, the court called it a most tragic "accident." Damned if it isn't enough to drive a man to . . .

Thanksgiving Day

John D. Bencich

Great Grandma, her left arm broken and useless, was discovered wandering the farm calling for Albert the youngest, killed in the fighting off Normandy. The family was notified and by letter and telephone decided that Willard, the eldest, should take charge. This he did and she was transported to their four bedroom split level in Union. At Thanksgiving, Great Grandma the excuse, they gathered to do her honor and a professional photographer posed the four generations. Unfortunately, the domestic scene was marred in that Great Grandma recognized none of them.

After the meal, tired by the noise, Great Grandma hoisted herself upstairs to hide after first asking Fred to drive her home. He refused, citing the rainy, misty weather as excuse. She moved away from him, obviously unhappy and silently afraid that a conspiracy to take her farm was afoot. She prayed to her God not to let it be so.

"We can't let her go back," Fred breathed as she disappeared over the landing.

"She asks every day," Willard's wife admitted, guilty at having to keep her mother-in-law penned, and never without guard.



A practical son-in-law, three generations removed, remarked, "She's got everything here."

"But she's always had her own place."

"How did she get on all these years?"

"None of us checked. She seemed all right whenever we visited. As normal as any time since Dad died."

"That's been over twenty years."

"That was the last time we all gathered." Heads bowed before the enormity of it.

"Does she ask for him?" one of the younger wives was interested.

"Never. She only remembers Albert."

"But that's been . . ." The figure was too emotional to compute.

"Has she forgotten us?"

"She's forgotten most everything."

"Forget! How could anyone ever forget!" the old woman muttered, hiding silently behind the shadow

of her door. The sounds carried clearly up the stairwell.

"She didn't cry at the funeral."

"Why cry?" she spit. "What was I losing?"

"She has been slipping." They nodded gravely in unison.

"Everything changes," the old woman generalized, wondering what they were up to. She knew better than to ask, because no one told her anything. If she did ask questions, everyone got strange. As if she was expected to already know, in this hurrying and crowded place. On the farm she did know, but here she was afraid.

Downstairs Mrs. Branner, the son-in-law's mother, also a widow, remarked that the church homes were very nice. She seemed very anxious to point this out as the place where she wanted to be put.

"So as not to burden."

"The Orthodox home is parish supported. We could get her in there."

"What about the waiting list?"

"I know Fred Collier. They favor parish people."

"How long would it take?"

"Six months."

"Do we have to keep her that long?" The teenage great grandchild complained, anxious for her social life. It had become impossible to entertain with Great Grandma always hovering.

"Be respectful dear."

"Mother, she doesn't even know who I am!"

"She's still a person."

There was a pause. The matter seemed decided except for Sara, the unmarried sister. She was against the Orthodox Home, seeing herself soon to be in her mother's position.

"I think she should stay until she's rested. Then employ someone to stay on the farm with her."

"She doesn't want anyone."

"Does she have a choice?"

"Sara, she's not going to get any better." Willard spoke with calm forcefulness. "The doctor says it's hardening of the arteries. The blood supply to the brain is being cut."

"Her health seems good."

"She eats like a horse."

"Be respectful dear."

"She's well enough to stay on the farm."

"George Willson says he doesn't know how she survived the past winter."

"She lived through sixty winters. She ought to know how to survive."

The old woman wanted to go down and tell them. But there were too many. So she retreated into that passive silence she had used so effectively for so many years with her husband. She wandered about the room looking for things. It was Sara's room and some of Sara's clothes still hung in the closet. She took an outfit that was too brightly colored and hid it under her mattress. It was difficult to squeeze it in because of the paraphernalia already there. She selected two crackers from the pile of decaying matter and brushing off the lint, masticated slowly.

"Still good," she nodded, surprised at their spongy goodness.

"She needs among her own kind," Albert's wife directed to Sara.

"Who is her own kind?"

"Why be difficult?"

"I asked a question. Who is her own kind?"

"She's eighty."

"She's never been an overly friendly person. And now at 80 you expect her to make new friends on this poor farm?"

"The Orthodox Home is no poor farm?"

"When we were girls, the poor farm was the school joke. We'd ride by on bicycles and throw stones at the dusty windows and try to run down the old men as they took exercise on the access road. I remembered them jumping aside and cursing us."

"The Orthodox Home is no poor farm."

"I don't want her in a place like that."

"The Orthodox Home is no poor farm."

"How do you know?"

"It's got a doctor and nurse 24 hours."

"You've been there? Lived there?"

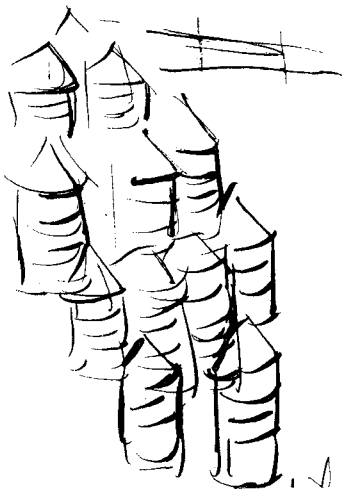
"Fred Collier would not. . . ."

"He's been there?"

"He's on the Board."

"How much would it cost?" Fred asked, already computing his share.

"They give a choice. She can sign over all her property or pay a monthly fee."



"What's the farm worth?"

"It would depend on the government's soil program."

"Which is better, Willard?"

"Depends on how long she lives."

"We want what's best for her."

"I don't think we should give up the family property."

"If we did, she'd have to sign it over."

"I don't think we should bother her with signing things."

"She'd have to understand that it's best for her."

"She expects to go back." It was the wife. "She asks everyone. . . ."

"If she signed, she'd know."

"Well, she's not!" He looked directly at Sara. "And that's got to be faced."

"Not going back," the old woman pouted as she arranged her good black dress and smoothed on her hat. "Not going back."

She remembered that first trip to the farm. They'd had to walk the last miles as the road wasn't through. It was a virgin place of hewn logs. And later they built of boards when the saw mill opened and the highway was asphalted. They'd even had a motor car and she had driven, although she couldn't remember now. She'd take Willard's car. His had the automatic. She slipped down the stairs, unfortunately right through the middle of them. Sara stopped her.

"Where are you going Ma?"

"Home."

Everyone got silent as they always did whenever she spoke, as if surprised that she had a tongue. They were all looking to her and she wondered if her hair was combed.

"It's late Ma."

Sara seemed about to cry. "Too big to cry," the old woman judged. "You having the pains again?" she asked.

"I haven't had them since I was a girl Ma."

"Took you to the doctor often enough. Thought you were dead once. He breathed directly into your throat and his breath gave you life."

"I appreciated it, Ma."

"You were completely blue and I was all ready to bury you beside Albert."

The old woman watched Willard. He was the one she didn't trust. He reminded her of a weasel.

"Can I have the car?" she asked him too loudly.

"Didn't know you could drive Mother."

"I'm not your Mother."

The daughters, each taking an arm, directed her back upstairs. They sat awhile on her bed chatting of the farm and the neighbors. She seemed to float back and this other seemed only dreams from which she'd soon awake. She was tired. She always cooked a big meal on the holiday and this was Thanksgiving. The girls laid her back.

"Go to sleep Ma," Sara advised. "Go to sleep." And as her head touched the pillow, she was back on the farm and Albert was coming to her.

PLEASE PASS THE INSTANT POI

Francis Murray

Our small, eager party—outfitted with Lolita sunglasses, mosquito netting and a dog-eared copy of *Herzog*—left Bandjermasin on the 26th of April bound for the remote and cannibal-infested wilderness of Central Borneo. With luck, and a novena from the Ford Foundation, we hoped to cajole the gluttonous and stage-struck Kalubi head hunters into giving us their cure for a common cold.

Aided by a dozen healthy Galuba warriors, we would take our 50-ft., decorator designed barge (powered by two second-hand Maytag washing machine motors) as far as we could navigate the treacherous Barito River. The remainder of the trek through uncharted jungle terrain would have to be made on foot. If all went well, we would be the first remnants of modern civilization to set foot in the inaccessible bailiwick of the notorious Kalubis.

After 12 days of nervous tension on the muddy Barito, alternated with endless games of chess and vicious encounters with hostile natives carrying plastic pitchforks, we saw smoke coming from a campfire less than two miles ahead. It was definitely not our neighborhood Texaco station. Inching up a snake-infested tributary, which was seething with remnants of previous white men's misadventures, we came within 300 yards of the camp before cutting the motors. As we were about to moor the barge, someone called to us in Texanese; and, glancing through the dense undergrowth, we were able to make out a formal wedding party surrounded by busy young men in Ivy League clothes. The groom and his attendants wore immaculate morning dress; the bride was modeling an expensive white silk gown with a long train carried by two little girls in pink. The four bridesmaids, wearing identical red silk dresses and purple lipstick, had on pink wigs and carried a festive nosegay of multi-colored plastic flowers.

"Hello, there!" I called through cupped hands. "Are you Americans?"

"You bet," one of the men shouted back.

"What are you doing in this remote jungle?"

"We're from BBD&O. Doing a new ad campaign for one of our cigarette clients."

Since their rations (and cigarettes) were getting low, we decided to take a rain-check on brunch, and, waving an American good-bye through the proliferating ferns and wild orchids, we proceeded up the river to renew our acquaintance with the psychotic species of alligators that inhabits this pristine paradise.

The river gradually became narrower, leading us to speculate that we were approaching the end of the line, so we tied up the raft like they do in those Hollywood jungle movies and prepared to walk the rest of the way. By now the Maytag motors were bent beyond other use by crocodile skulls in the river, but we managed to keep one of them running long enough to wash out a few things for the trip inland.

There was an eerie stillness about the forest, punctuated only by the wind occasionally rattling the bones of a human skeleton dangling from a nearby tree. I would have sworn that I heard some Dimitri Tiomkin background music. Suddenly our cameraman, Jacques Ibert-Thomas, motioned for silence.

"Do you hear that?" he asked, his eyes flushed with concern.

"No," I said.

"Listen," he advised.

I listened. Sure enough, there were faint—but ominous—sounds of jungle drums echoing through the valley beyond us. Boom radda boom! Boom radda boom! The menacing noise, repeating a primitive and monotonous variation on a theme, grew nearer; some of our native porters were on the verge of bolting; they covered their ears with their hands and shook their heads from side to side as though in agonizing pain.

"It's simply fantastic," I said.

"Incredible," Jacques replied.

"Ravel's *Bolero*."

"Exactly. It looks like Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops have beat us here by one day."

Checking to see that our rifles and souvenirs were at the ready, we followed a narrow, meandering trail that eventually brought us into a clearing. Suddenly a small band of natives stepped from behind some bushes. The tallest native, wearing a sadistic sneer and carrying a mother-of-pearl fly swatter to show his rank, walked nonchalantly toward us and held up one hand.

"Don't be alarmed, man," he said in halting English, motioning for his amanuensis to come forward. She took down everything on a stone tablet. "We're just making a survey. Which drum have you been listening to?"

"Why Ravel's *Bolero*," I told him.

"Oh, shucks," he replied, kicking his dog. "I wish you had said *Saber Dance*. *Bolero* always wins."

The native survey-takers disappeared as quietly as they had appeared, letting us continue along the trail. We soon found ourselves inside a cluster of native huts. But the village was deserted. A community fire smoldered in the center of the settlement, and a human head and several empty boxes of matzos lay near the stove.

After we had cooled our heels for almost an hour, a thin line of savages began to trickle back to camp. Their ferocity immediately repelled us and we started to make a run for the raft. But we were outnumbered. They inched closer, their spears clutched menacingly in their tiny, itchy little fingers, the knuckles white and foreboding. We stood motionless as the cannibals (sans a stitch of clothing) moved to within hand-shaking distance; their grotesquely white painted faces a harbinger of everything that is sinister and *Harper's Bazaar*ish.

I pushed my two companions behind me, but, before we could escape this Rouault nightmare, I sneezed.

"Gesundheit!" the natives said in chorus. A capella, of course.



I smiled. Then the natives smiled and put down their weapons. The Chief, wearing only a gray hom-burg and some beads, came forward and began chatting amiably in a nasal dialect. These sounds were variously reminiscent of Waco or Wichita Falls. With the preliminaries out of the way, I motioned for the box of trinkets to be brought forward. I then gave the Chief a bottle of American beer.

"Suma teba (*it's quite enchanting and with just a kiss of the hops*)," he said, drinking lustily. "Woba laba tuba nova gedda fronga lova monga." (*And I love these new throw-away bottles*).

One of our spies told us that the Chief spoke English fluently, so, with a little coaxing, he began to converse with us in American. He seemed especially pleased to be able to converse with natives.

"There is hardly a trace of an accent," I said. "Where did you learn to speak English so well?"

"Reader's Digest," he replied. "They sent me a special introductory offer so I decided to subscribe. You'd be amazed at the amount of junk mail that comes to my personal post office box."

The Chief, convinced that he was an authority on American culture, led us to a native hut for welcoming festivities. Although there were no coverings on the dirt floor, the room bore a striking resemblance to an American honky tonk. There were a bandstand . . . some garish and puerile room decorations patterned after a Roman villa . . . individual candelabra, consisting of home-made candles stuck into the top of human skulls, on the tables . . . and several unhappy waiters slouching at their battle stations counting their tips.

There was hardly room to move between tables, and, to lend further credulity to the scene, the Chief had built a small fire near the doorway so that a dense smoke (simulating cigarette smoke) prevented you from seeing the person seated across from you. To the left was a dance floor about the size of a bookmark.

At the sound of a gong, the musicians came forward and began to play loudly. A trio of folk singers—Jesus, Mary and Joseph—came on strong with a mumbled version of "My Blue Heaven." They were followed by a young native girl, wearing only a couple of orchids, who did a fertility dance. The show ended with a personable young man who alternately told off-color jokes and juggled wild oranges.

The next afternoon I went to a local emporium to buy some souvenirs. The Chief gladly tagged along to see that I didn't get rooked. At our first stop, the Chief told me not to buy anything, explaining that the prices were outrageous and that things were a lot cheaper at the discount house across the street. There I bought some shrunken heads, a half-dozen albino tse-tse flies and several jars of pickled grasshoppers. The clerk accepted my beer can opener as payment, then handed me a fist-full of dried leaves.

"Trading stamps," the Chief whispered.

Reluctantly we left our new-found friends and headed for Kalubi country. Some three weeks and endless stomach aches later we were at our destination. It was almost dark as we reached the village, and a small band of natives came out to greet us. What we at first thought was a red carpet turned out to be the blood from 150 pigs that had been slaughtered for a forthcoming festival. But the natives were friendly and they escorted us to the hutel, a one-story structure with thatched roof and a couple of call girls nonchalantly rocking back and forth in a porch swing.

After we checked in, their Chief, smiling broadly in a red hat, extended an official welcome. I spoke to him haltingly in Kalubi, my first question inquiring about the charred trees and grass around the settlement.

"Have you had a forest fire?" I asked.

"No, but we have had a silent spring. It was our witch doctor. The bastard concocted an insecticide to



kill off the grasshoppers and this is the result," he said, pointing to the dead foliage and shaking his head.

At the earliest moment, I asked discreetly if the Chief could persuade the witch doctor to part with his secret cure for the common cold. We were at a special dinner in our honor and two beautiful maidens brought in a white powder in a large wooden bowl. Then they poured some water into the bowl, stirred it, and dipped out portions for the Chief and his guests.

"Instant poi," he volunteered. "You'd be surprised how much time and trouble it saves the chef. I don't know what we'd do without it, especially since my wives like to entertain a lot."

I told the Chief that we were prepared to pay handsomely for the formula. Then I motioned for the box of barter items to be brought in: an electric blanket . . . a pocketbook edition of *PT-107* . . . a lifetime pass for 25 to Disneyland . . . 10 crates of No-Cal . . . a pair of rubber gloves . . . a subscription to *TV Guide* . . . a set of rabbit ears for a portable TV set . . . a gasoline credit card . . . suntan lotion . . . a portable, battery-operated can opener . . . four pairs of shoe trees . . . Lady Bird Johnson's 10 favorite recipes for pecan pie . . . a dozen typewriter ribbons . . . 5,000 paper clips . . . a list of all of the recordings by The Cleveland Orchestra . . . 'his' and 'hers' coat hangers . . . caviar-flavored cough drops . . . and a recording of

Otello with Birgit Nilsson as *Otello* and Russell Oberlin as *Iago*.

The Chief was ecstatic.

"The formula is yours," he said, raising his instant poi in a toast.

We went immediately to the witch doctor's hut. He was intensely unfriendly and was on strike. At the Chief's insistence, however, he reluctantly parted with the formula, handing us two small bags. One contained tiny, white pills and the other had some larger pills. Then, as Jacques recorded the momentous occasion on film, the witch doctor begrudgingly dictated the recipe, which I nervously copied on the back of a laxative wrapper from our medicine chest.

"The small capsules are for the cold," the Chief explained. "Take one or two tablets in a glass of water three or four times a day. Get plenty of rest. If the cold persists, see your doctor."

"What are the other pills for?" I wanted to know.



"The witch doctor won't tell me," the Chief said. "I think they're just a placebo to make you think he knows what he is doing. Probably a harmless herb."

So, hiding our precious treasure in waterproof sacks, we said farewell to our hospitable and mercenary hosts and set out for the long and tedious journey back to the YMCA in Bandjermasin and a frosted Coke. But we'll be back. There is no telling what other life-giving secrets this proud and poised illiterate tribe can give to the world.

PAINTING

First for the quick spiders
and other unlovable things
that have populated the crannies—
We ferret them out
of house and home.

Then rollers, pails, ladders.
Under dropcloths the furniture
hunches—cowering? or threatening?
The whole house settles
into a strange attic.

Gradually the crimes and errors
of past tenants go under.
Here a child's crayon
masterpiece, there the stain
of coffee, spilled or thrown.
And the great brown blotch
on the ceiling, where someone
in the upstairs bedroom wept
all night through the carpet.

SONG

Something that could only be frost
but affects me as badly
as the first gauze mufflings
of death is taking possession
of my windows.

My own body's skin
is stiffening, trying
to get me to stand still.
It's hard to love your own
skin and try to save it
when it acts like it might not love you.

Even my voice is a gritty
blast of cold air.

It's hard to keep at it
in such conditions,
a temperature
where none of your hollows
are warm and pliant as a child's.

Landlord! Landlord!
I have been beating
half the night now
at these frozen tuneless pipes.

James Crenner

THE CULT OF UGLINESS

Isidore Stern

"I think if we look at this world as it really is we will find that even what is most ugly within it has the sparks of life, and is therefore moving and worthy of our attention. And I think we go to the theater to glimpse these sparks. That's why we get so excited with anticipation before we go to the theater. It's because we're looking for light in a very dark world."

Julian Beck, "Thoughts on Theater from Jail."

It is evident that a strange reversal of human taste has taken place; and, as a result, that a surprising number of people, even those who reside outside asylums, now find delight in the ugliness manifested by such present-day crazes as pop-art, the theater of the absurd, rock n' roll, and 4-letter words.

Like small children who gesticulate before the contorting mirrors of an amusement park, they thrill at the sight of distorted images and find happiness in viewing themselves in their worst aspects.

Times have changed, and brought new customs. Yet, this fact alone does not altogether explain the new addiction to ugliness, nor does it satisfactorily explain why we now reject John Milton's idea that "Beauty is Nature's brag and must be shown . . ." To account for the strange transformation of human nature, it is necessary to consider the systematic attempts being made to inspire an appreciation for ugliness.

Believe it or not, it is no exaggeration to say that a deliberate, calculated "hate-beauty" campaign is underway. It is a campaign sponsored by a veritable cult of ugliness devoted to strange rites of worship; for the assorted frowsy madhatters who make up the cult have joined together in a mutual-admiration society (they like to refer to themselves as the *avant garde*) dedicated to the unholy task of deifying whatever is ugly.

How much of the current cultural confusion can be traced to their bizarre activities is impossible to say. But one thing is certain: they are like sleep-walkers headed for areas of danger. It is, in fact, by no means an unreasonable assumption to presume that many of today's vulgarities can be traced to their frenzied campaign to convince people that nothing makes sense except ugliness.

"Is Crime Now Out Of Hand?" asked *Newsweek*, recently. Inevitably, with the spectre of mounting crime appears the other menace: the blight of ugliness. Not by accident, we are increasingly confronted by the ghastly twin menaces: the hideous chaos of crime and man-made ugliness.

Among the byproducts of the cult's curious campaign:

1. *Adult tantrums*. Ugliness is depressing; hence the beards of the beatnik sophisticates are tear-drenched.

How typical of them, for example, to say something like "a pot of discontent simmers," or, as Julian Beck gloomily puts it, "If the people on the street would realize how the world we live in is a prison they'd do more yelling and railing too. The sad, perhaps tragic thing is that people do not realize they're not free." (Alas, the bitter irony of life when people must suffer lack of freedom yet not even have the consolation of knowing that they suffer!)

2. *An atmosphere of surrealism*. The contemporary scene abounds with the jangling sounds and sights of a weird surrealist atmosphere. It now is cluttered not only with dumps of wrecked autos, billboards that hide natural scenery, and rock n' roll jukeboxes, but a cultural atmosphere to match. In it thrive strange plants: pop art, teen-age tyrants, college students who insist on their right to spout obscenities, damsels who play tug-of-war in the mud, midget lady wrestlers, drugstore pornography, and similar oddities.

3. *Hokus-pokus and other witchcraft*. Men and women of this jazz age, the '60's, have accepted, even praise, any cultural monkeyshines. They have been overwhelmed by the hokus-pokus that makes up the modern "climate of opinion" and therefore are reluctant to pronounce disfavor of ugliness even when, as sometimes happens, they are face-to-face with what is to them unmistakably repulsive. They prefer to disregard anything that goes counter to the notions identified as typical of the "intellectual mainstream of our society." They have an emotional commitment to current, fashionable viewpoints.

As one illustration of what this means, when John Doe knows that experts define as art a canvas that has been smeared with paint by a chimpanzee, he accepts the definition as valid. The endorsement by the expert suffices to enable him to inhibit his indignation at the sight of the soiled canvas. What if the canvas does show nothing but blobs, dribbles, and spatter of paint! Rather than squarely face up to the fact of ugliness, he prefers to assume that hidden esoteric truths must exist which justify any ugliness called art.

Nowadays, this readiness to surrender one's critical faculties on the assumption that someone else may be in possession of the truth is not uncommon even among authorities. Here is one example: Rene d' Harnoncourt, director of the Museum of Modern Art recently stated in a *New York Times* article that "The Museum of Modern Art would rather mistakenly add a dozen works that in 10, 20, or 30 years may seem less important than they do today than make the still more irreparable mistake of overlooking the one work that will seem an outstanding masterpiece." (Apparently the standards of art evaluation have been reduced to the hit-or-miss tactics of a guessing game, one that might appropriately be called "junk collection"!)

Theory is supposed to be a guide to practice. Obviously, the converse must also be true: practice either

TRANSIENT QUARTERS

In the toilet across the hall the bulb's been snatched
and since those who room alone are
safe in their solitude only when doors are latched
I urinate by sonar:
the bowl's tune tells me how close to the edge I come
like a kettledrum.

I might sit down but why should I sink beneath
my wholly male position?
I could bring a light along but I'm fed to the teeth
with insuring my own vision
so I rumble away erect, though blind: a pissed-
off tympanist.

My rented dresser cants at a crazy angle.
My upright typewriter leans.
My platform rocker's platform protrudes from a tangle
of laundry and magazines.
"Entropy!" scientists cry. So much the worse
for the universe:

Meredith's "brain of heaven" has had a bruising;
its cells burn out in crowds.
His Lucifer will soon be up and cruising
the Magellanic clouds.
I ride my creaking bed below a peeling,
sagging ceiling,

too proud to bitch but afraid to break my lease:
I'd have to get out of town.
I pay my rent in the hope that I can go in peace
when the building is torn down
and excuse myself and the world by a lack of brooms
for our dirty rooms.

MY LIFE IN ART

I got the last one when she did the score
for a children's play I wrote: I played the king.
The thing that got her was the gauds I wore:
florid tights, feathers from the wing
of an egret, silver rings. After the run
one night we argued art till dawn then met
and melted words with music in the sun
that level through her window lit our sweat.

Now each weekend wearing jeans I sit
around while she composes. I watch the clock:
at five we make it and go out to eat.
Play-acting done, she thinks my verses weak
but cries at metaphors I meant as wit:
I only love her when she plays me Bach.

William Brady

proves or disproves theory. Why, then, should there be so little consideration of the possibility that false notions may explain eruptions of ugliness? As previously noted, what prevents this recognition is the fact that ugliness is not accepted as an unhealthy, but rather as a healthy phenomenon.

It is therefore worth examining some of the mystical notions inspired by the high priests of the cult. Such notions, it will be observed, are conducive to a process of self-induced brainwashing, and therefore lend themselves to attitudes of rapture for those who have a strong stomach for vulgarity and scatological shockers. As one example, consider these lines taken from an article titled "The Comedy of Lenny Bruce," in which the attempt is made to laud the purity of soul of a noted Cult of Ugliness saint:

This public display of the ugly, the twisted, the perverse—offensive though it is at times—nevertheless serves a vital function, for it gives the audience a profound sense, not only of release, but of self-acceptance. Again and again, Bruce violates social taboos—and he does not die! Like the witch doctor or the analyst, he brings the unconscious to light, and thereby lightens the burden of shame and guilt.

Apparently, after sufficient exposure to the peculiar notions of today's ideology, people are enabled to take such mysticism seriously. They acquire a state of mind that finds a delicious quality to mishmash.

Here is a comment expressed by the dignified, high-minded columnist for the Village Voice, John Wilcock:

All I wanted to do was to recline on a chaise lounge and admire the pretty chicks. I wouldn't have gone in the pool in the first place if there had been any way to get past the checkpoint on dry land. The Hilton is getting awfully snotty; they've even been arresting guests for stealing their towels lately.

Much credit must go to these high priests of the Cult of Ugliness, for they have not only given blessing to, but have provided sanctimonious justification for ugliness.

They claim to have superior knowledge, attained because of their moral courage in daring to explore the depths of their "unconscious." In this connection, it should be noted that scuba divers who breathe oxygen at great depths beneath the sea have experienced a phenomenon called "rapture of the depths." It is said that they feel a disassociation from the world, and that some have gone to their deaths because of a false sense of security, the feeling of lightheaded omnipotence. Like the scuba divers, the high priests of the Cult of Ugliness acquire a rare confidence in their powers; this enables them to find an aura of respectability in their viewpoints.

How can one get incense out of ugliness? Not even the attempt made by William Barrett, a leading exponent of existentialism, to justify ugliness as a historical phenomenon has a real basis in fact that gives us reason to regard ugliness as a boon to mankind.

Mr. Barrett claims that "Modern painters actually

began this century with the deliberate aim to produce 'ugly' pictures—that is, pictures that revolt against the abstract and sterile ideal of 'the beautiful'—le beau—as laid down by the official Academie des Beaux Arts in Paris that had become a dead end of tradition."

But how correct is his interpretation? Actually, it is based on an oversimplification that distorts the motives of the artists who lived in the early part of this century. They had not the deliberate aim of producing 'ugly' pictures, as he contends, but rather were engrossed in a search for new techniques.

To be sure, there was the Dadaist movement which, incidentally, had goals that were more political than artistic. Also, there were individual artists who made a conscious attempt to produce ugliness—but they were not representative of the pioneers of modern painting. The fact is that the cubists sought new ways of presenting dimensions of form, the pointillists tried to capture new effects of light on color, and so on. It is necessary to be clear about this point if we are to escape the soporific effects of the Cult of Ugliness.

By dint of the activities inspired by the Cult of Ugliness, our folkways have been adopted to a new criterion of truth: that which heeds the wisdom of the blood and the glands.

Some idea of the extent of the change has been indicated by Dean N. W. Dougherty, College of Engineering, University of Tennessee, who calls attention to the fact that:

There is evidence that some changes are taking place. Juvenile delinquency is on the increase, divorces are on the increase, illegitimate children are on the increase, minority pressures on government are on the increase, challenges of evil in high places are on the increase . . .

The pernicious influence of the Cult of Ugliness is easily discernible in this decline of our standards. In fact, this is apparent even in the current beatnik styles of clothing. Clothes now tend to be of one uniform pattern, even for men and women. Department stores urge customers to "come as you are," and if you go to a party nowadays, you have no reason for surprise in seeing the hostess with pincurlers in hair, in slacks, and shoeless.

Almost everywhere these days, regardless of time, place, or occasion, men and women are content to look like Zombies. Historically, one can say that the French Revolution had its *sans culotte*, the Russian Revolution its leather jacket, and the American Revolution its pincurls, slacks, and Levis.

The new emphasis, whether it relates to art, language, social customs, entertainment, or any other aspect of life is on an entirely new set of values for freedom: it's new, it's modern, it answers a repressed, unconscious need!

In the hocus-pocus of the new outlook, much ado is made about this supposed need. Those who are enchanted by ugliness cannot understand why we should inhibit ourselves, and thereby fail to live on an animal level. Why not be insensitive, they ask. Why be squeamish? Acceptance of coarse, brutal language and behavior can mean new dimensions of ugliness.

THE HAWKESWORTH LANDACRE THEORY OF BUSINESS-CYCLE FLUCTUATIONS

J. D. Ritchie

One of the most pressing worries in this country right now is business and the direction it's headed. Mr. William McC. Martin, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, made a speech on the subject at Columbia University in June. Mr. Martin pointed out a number of business "signs" that are identical with those of the 1928-29 boom days, just before the Great Depression. But, Mr. Martin hastened to add, we are not *exactly* in the same economic pickle we were then, and another depression is unlikely.

On the other side of the argument, some economics experts say that we've had our boom, and we might as well resign ourselves to fact that it's due to be lowered. What all this proves is that the theories offered to explain and predict the ups and downs of the business cycle are about as numerous as brands of washing powder, and about as different. Down through the ages, economists have tried to blame the booms and busts of business on everything from sunspots to Pharaoh's seven lean cows.

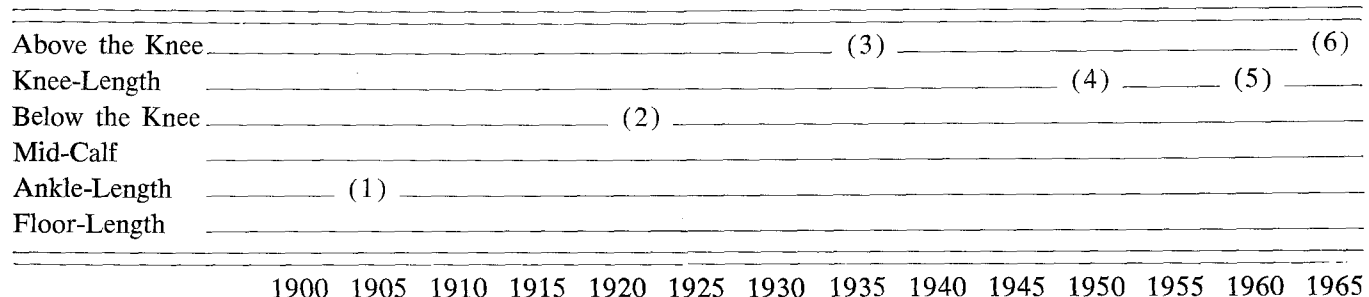
The truth is, until now, American businessmen have had no truly reliable method of predicting business trends. Recently, however, a heretofore insignificant group of thinkers, led by an ex-apprentice sheetmetal worker named Hawkesworth Landacre, have come up with a hypothesis which shows great promise toward foretelling crashes like Black Tuesday, October 29, 1929. The Landacre Theory, as it is coming to be known, is based on a close study of the business cycle over the past one hundred years. What significant event, asked Landacre, accompanied or preceded every major economic nosedive? The answer was, after careful analysis of a mountain of empirical evidence, *the reduction in the length of women's skirts!*

At first, Landacre's announcement was greeted with enthusiastic guffaws of derision. His theory was placed in the same category as that of an economist who, in 1933, stated that the business cycle bore a close relationship to the amount of ragweed pollen in the air. Professors of economics at the major universities prohibited any discussion of the Landacre Theory. All this was before Landacre published statistical data supporting his theory. Lately, his views have been accepted more widely, and reports have it that he will soon begin a lecture tour, explaining his theory in detail.

The Landacre Theory is amazingly simple, and based completely upon historical fact. It's strange that it wasn't postulated long before now. Landacre and his colleagues collected volumes of information on the times during and immediately prior to each economic collapse in this country. Every allowance was made in

the study for mere coincidence, and the conclusion was that every major economic crisis came during or directly following a shortening of women's skirts. All evidence supports the Landacre Theory that the business cycle is directly related to the distance from the ground to ladies' hemlines.

For example, take the period following the Civil War. In the late sixties and early seventies, patent leather, high-button shoes were introduced. A peek-a-boo glimpse of women's feet became stylish. Before this, skirts had been long enough to keep women's feet completely indoors. But, with the advent of patent leather, skirts were shortened an average of 1.71 inches. According to the Landacre Theory, the result was the Jay Cooke Panic of 1873. The following chart graphically illustrates the relationship between women's skirts and the business cycle over the past sixty-five years.



Trend of women's skirts, 1900-1965.

- (1) *The Rich Man's Panic of 1907 followed the rise in skirts of 1902-06.*
- (2) *Following the radical reduction in skirt length, 1921-22, the Primary Post-War Depression occurred.*
- (3) *The Great Depression of the early thirties was the result of the flapper skirt of the late twenties.*
- (4) *The 1948 Recession followed the short skirts of 1946.*
- (5) *The 1957-58 Recession followed a shortening of skirts in the late fifties.*
- (6) *The slight recession of 1961-62 was brought about by the rise of skirts above the knee, and was prevented from becoming more serious by a corresponding rise in necklines.*

As can be seen by the chart above, the first time skirts were worn above the knee, in the twenties, the greatest depression of the century occurred. Why should the length of skirts have such an effect upon the economy? Landacre explains it in the following steps:

(1) When style calls for a shorter skirt, the clothing manufacturers use less material, and naturally buy less material from the textile industry.

(2) Being unable to sell as much material, the textile business finds its inventories piling up. Less cotton, wool, etc., are bought. Workers are laid off, machinery is idle. Some textile plants are forced out of business, and retool to make Ouiji boards, or some other product.

(3) The unemployed textile workers try to find jobs in other industries, putting a strain on labor in these areas. Less manufacturing machinery is purchased by the textile industry, so the effect spreads to the capital-equipment industry, the wool and cotton farmers, and the chemical plants that manufacture synthetic materials.

(4) Since the price of cotton is down, cotton farmers decide to grow wheat, oats, or boysenberries; wool growers sell their sheep and raise hogs, chickens, or dairy goats. The prices of these farm commodities are driven down by the increased production.

(5) More workers are laid off from machinery companies, automobile plants, trucking companies, railroads, etc. . . . Bankrupt cotton and wool farmers come to the city to seek work. At this point, the reduction in the length of women's skirts has directly or indirectly affected the entire economy.

According to Landacre, this sequence of events has brought about every major economic collapse in our business history. His study has shown that the *one* event which has *always* accompanied an economic crash has been the shortening of skirts. By watching women's skirts, Landacre claims, the business cycle can be accurately predicted.

In an attempt to discredit Landacre's work, several critics demanded to know how he explained the fact that skirts have become increasingly shorter during the past few years, without any apparent adverse effects upon the economy. Landacre had thought of this. "It

is not enough to merely watch women's skirts," said Mr. Landrace. "We must also keep an eye on the neckline. During the past few years, skirts *have* inched upward, but this has generally been offset by a raising of the neckline."

"But," Mr. Landacre warns, "If necklines start down, and skirts remain steady, or continue upward, an economic collapse is inevitable."

One weak spot remains in Mr. Landacre's teachings, however. Although he has brilliantly shown how business cycle fluctuations can be predicted, he has suggested nothing to control the length of women's skirts, and thus avoid economic calamity. Mr. Landacre was asked about this.

"Once my theory has become more widely accepted," he said, "Washington will probably appoint a Congressional committee to study the problem of control. It is possible—even likely—that when Congress has studied the problem at length, legislation will be passed regulating the length of skirts. A Bureau of Skirt-Length Control, or a similar agency, will most likely be organized. It is entirely probable that the near future will see a skirt-lengthening subsidy plan go into effect, possibly paying fashion experts and dress designers *not* to make short skirts stylish."

In My Next Incarnation

Evelyn Harter

"I've a shocking request to make of you. Be prepared when you come," she had written as a postscript to her letter, signing herself Sara as she had been called in Ohio.

Until yesterday it had seemed that he would have to leave India without seeing her, Saraswathy Amma, who on saying goodbye to him in Ohio had insisted that someday he come to her homeland and her father's house. Until now he had guessed that she must have agreed to an arranged marriage, or at least been required to obey some arbitrary injunction of that old bandicoot, her father.

Standing in third class on the crowded train, Tamlyn wondered if, since it had been Sara who had first given him the desire, the need to come to India, she might now give him assistance on how to go home to Ohio gracefully. "The mynas on the grass, alas, and I must leave Madras, alas."

When she went home to India, she had told him that he was among those who had rescued her from the dead, but that was one of those emotional exaggerations of farewell. Just the same, the first day he had seen her, in philosophy class, he thought he had never seen a profile as still, apart from a dead one. He remembered her eyes—how startled that a student could differ with a professor in probing a matter, or argue in class with other students. And then, remarkable, in another month she was herself ardently in the middle of the arguments. When spring came she often joined him and some of the other philosophy majors piling into his jalopy when they drove to their picnic place. This was by a creek in a cropped pasture, where they sat around a hot red fire and talked seriously, and with arcane jokes, about such questions as to whether the fire was really there.

The day she had to leave to go home, she said, "No, I am not at all ready to go, but my father wants me to return. You must promise me to come to India, Tamlyn." They were the most personal words she had ever said to him. And after that she hadn't even answered his letters in the year he had been in Madras. Until yesterday.

The soil was redder than in Madras, he thought as he got off the train, the sun hotter if that was possible and the green greener. Gold over green over red. More people on the street, too; women bearing long tapioca roots on their heads, or black pots of curds; cattle straying silently, usurping the sidewalks; naked children running after a toy vendor. . . .

This must be the house. When he called out at the grilled gate set in the wall of red earth, a little cross-eyed servant boy let him in. The compound appeared large, enclosing several buildings, a clump of bamboo, some cocoanut palms.

"The master?" Tamlyn inquired of the boy, but it was Sara herself who appeared at the door, making the sign of *namaste*, palms pressed together before her breast—"my part in the self reveres your part" she had once said it meant—and then, raising her eyes in a smile, came forward, dressed in a blue silk sari with gold border, her presence suddenly there with the odor of sandalwood, to extend her hand in western greeting, too.

"Tamlyn, you look exactly as I remember, but you dressed up, or down? for me." He had put on a *dhoti*, a long one like a wraparound skirt, to give her a chance to laugh at him as had once laughed at her when she dressed like a co-ed; shocking she had looked in the truncated western skirt. Now she smiled as she spoke, but she was thinner in the cheeks, as if she had been ill.

He set his bedroll and brief case on the ground. "I've been swearing at you for the past twelve months. Did you finally hear me?" he asked, shaking his fist at her.

As gravely she inclined her head, he sensed her self-control; they were probably being watched from behind the shutters of the house. He must remember to appear formal whatever he might say.



"You must be thirsty. My father will be returning from the office before long, but we won't wait for tea."

Sitting on the steps of the veranda, after she had gone into the house, he listened to the sound of children within running and laughing, and farther back the minor, vibrating wail of a veena. The moment had a familiarity, an immediacy that he could not account for. Although he had questioned her and humored her, back in Ohio, over her ideas of reincarnation, now he was troubled by a certainty that he had lived here in another life; it had happened before at unexpected moments during his stay in India.

She was returning, followed by the cross-eyed servant boy bearing a plate of fried cakes and nuts, and a brass coffee service.

"So how do you like India?" She poured coffee into the brass goblets and raised one to him with both hands. "It is so that the question is always put in America, isn't it?"

"I'll give you a more original answer . . . I can hardly bear to go home."

"Is it so?"

"I'm already bracing myself against homesickness."

"Mm," she murmured. "Why?" offering him the plate of cashews, white as grubs.

It was the question he kept asking himself. "Of course I'd like to go on with my comparison of existentialism and Sankara's view of nondualism. But beyond the academic, I suppose it's because I've found it so—so congenial. I like being with people who've been thinking philosophy for a couple of thousand years, who see nothing irregular in discussing it at breakfast, or walking down the street to business . . . so when I wasn't swearing at you, Sara, I was blessing you for persuading me to come."

"It's better here for a man."

At this irrelevance he paused, and then went on. "It's as if I've found the place where I belong, by accident, and now, it affects me as irrational, a kind of violence, to have to take myself away." Indeed, he reminded himself of a baby which has been immersed in a bath of exactly the right temperature, about to be yanked out and dispatched on a paper route on a winter morning. Well, the best he could hope for would be that by scrimping and saving and applying at all the foundations, somehow he might get back again, if he wasn't trapped by academic ambition, or occidental idiocies such as new automobiles and big insurance policies.

"Would you be surprised to hear that I feel the same about Ohio?"

"How you talk!"

"Yes, my father picked out a husband for me here, a fine young man, son of a tea planter, but I couldn't consent because I knew that if I married, then surely I could never go back to Ohio." As he was silent, she went on, "I didn't write to you because my father asked me not to; he saw — my — my sickness, and feared that you might make it worse."

In his dismay Tamlyn was more blunt than he intended. "And why did he relent?"

"Now that you are going . . ." She lifted to him a gaze of deprivation that he found hard to meet. "America is where I discovered that I was a person."

"But Sara, that—that can be kept in India," he rebuked her gently.

"Ah." Through the red spot of kum-kum on her forehead a vertical line formed. "Of course I love India because she is my mother, but when a child grows up, she does not always wish to live with her mother, is it?"

Groping in this, he found an opening. "Isn't there work you could do here? In the milk stations, the clinics, the libraries?"

She nodded as if considering the idea out of courtesy to him. "There's no one to talk to, there. The dull conversation of the women!" Her face broke into unlovely angles that frightened him. "Surely what I ask isn't too much—to differ with a man, when it's a complex question. To talk about something besides children, and what my husband likes to eat."

"Plenty of women in America never say anything else," he sniffed.

"But I would. You can't know what I've been through, even to see you." He was conscious of her breathing. "I told you in my letter that I have a shocking request to make. Not even an American girl would be so bold!"

Fearful, he stared at her.

"Will you help me to go to America?" In her embarrassment, it was a heroism for her to raise her eyes to his.

At his look of shock, she rushed on, "I'm not asking you to take any personal interest in me. If I sell my jewelry and saris, I'll have enough for my fare. But I can't go unless someone vouches that I won't become a public charge there. I'd never hold you responsible. I'd work hard, make my own way."

Touched, he laid his hand on hers to try to take the hurt from his answer. "Believe me, Sara, you wouldn't find it easy to get and hold a job against competition. When you were an exchange student, you were an honored guest, but if you came again as a worker, you wouldn't be protected in the same way."

"I know about work," she agreed, "But I am not lazy or stupid. There is nothing I wouldn't turn my hands to."

"But Sara, have you thought what it would be like to live in a rooming house in a big city, or even a small one. What if you became ill?"

Now she walking back and forth, her sandals padding on the red clay before the porch. "I know . . . it could happen . . . but to stay, to perish here?"

"Sara, I must go back home myself, do the work I was trained to do, live in my own set of circumstances." If only his voice did not betray the partial falsity. "I've been happy here, but my real work is back teaching college kids all the philosophy they'll ever know. I've had a romantic experience, and I'd like it to last forever. But real life isn't like that."

"I can understand that you must consider what your family would think . . ."

"No," he said roughly, for she was going too far. "Sara, I'd give a good deal to be able to stay here myself. But I'm a little more on to myself. If I stayed here, and had to work as an Indian, under Indian conditions, I wouldn't find it nearly as beautiful. Believe me, it would be that way for you, too, in America. Probably we must make do, you and I, with what we were dealt."

She lifted her hands, palms up, and let them drop to her sides.

He tried again. "Let's face it. I've been spoiled rotten while I've been here, given courtesy and favors because I'm a foreigner. And so were you in Ohio. Let's just figure that we've been luckier than most people, you and I, because each of us, for a little while has been treated as we always imagined we deserved. We've been beneficiaries, or maybe victims, of international hospitality."

"In Ohio now people would be putting away galoshes, getting ready for picnics in the pasture," she said, feeding her homesickness.

In the following silence the sun went down through



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the bamboos, dropping behind the mud wall while they watched. Sara rose to light little brass lamps in a shrine like a doll's house, and said without inflection, "My father will be here soon," before leaving.

He longed to assuage her for her forlornness. Wasn't it possible, inevitable even, that people were often born into the wrong milieu, wrong for their temperaments? As for himself, might not this red soil of South India furnish the ideal conditions for his own spindling talent to flower?

Nonsense. That was a dodge, an inability to face up.

At the sound of footsteps he looked up to see a man in *dhotti* and Congress cap coming toward him, a lordly fellow with wide forehead and chin, a black moustache on his lip and tufts of hair growing from his ears. "May I introduce myself, Thalikkulam Pillai. You were gracious to my daughter in America."

The amenities. "And I am grateful to her for persuading me to come to India."

Pillai grunted. "It was I who encouraged her to go, hoping that she would come back with more appreciation of her heritage."

How to be fair to Sara. "I know something of how she feels, because I find it hard to leave. I've felt at home here, but I tell myself this is a sentimentality I must get over."

"Yes, it is a sentimentality. She probably asked you to take her back, did she not?" And as Tamlyn hesitated, "I know. I thought it likely, but I took that chance."

"It would not be impossible for her to support herself in America, but it might be very hard."

Thalikkulam Pillai nodded. "That is so, but I have not convinced her. Yet this can't go on. My only daughter, for all her gentleness, has a strong will and to be held back indefinitely—she may do something rash."

Tamlyn frowned at the implication, having read in the papers last week how a girl who had no dowry set fire to her oil-soaked sari.

The father had walked over to the little shrine, stood silently in front of it before turning to Tamlyn. "I have asked some musicians to entertain us before dinner."

During the music—there was a singer, a flute player, a violinist holding his instrument against his chest, and a man fingering a drone—Tamlyn studied Sara's face which did not once turn toward him. Was it really America with which she was in love, or, fooling even herself, perhaps, with him? If that was so, it would be the worst of all cruelties to help her back to Ohio. No, what she loved must be only his Americanness, as what he loved in her was her Indianness. Then what could he do to comfort her, out of his own painful understanding? "I will write to you, I will forward books and magazines, I will send other Americans to call." All that would be nothing, nothing, against her passionate hope.

But if he assisted her to Ohio, how could he, on his salary as instructor working for an advanced degree, help her until she found a job, to say nothing of coming to the rescue in case of catastrophe? It might even reduce his chances of getting back to India.

After dinner, as he was escorted by Thalikkulam Pillai to the young men's house, where he was evidently to sleep alone, he told the father that he would be taking the morning train.

"So soon?" The father's voice seemed to carry overtones of regret. "If you don't mind—we shall wish to give you a token—please, your date of birth?"

Tamlyn told him, and after Pillai had left, let gravity ease him slowly to the string bed. This day had been too much for him.

In the morning, as he was finishing dressing, he saw Pillai crossing the compound gravel followed by a boy carrying coffee. They greeted each gravely, and when the boy had gone, the father spoke in his deliberate way. "You must know that I took part in the fight for independence, went to jail, that I love India and wish it to be for Indians. You know how I respect our traditions. I assume that you take all this for granted, but it is necessary for me to say so because of what I will say next. Even so, you may well wonder—"

Tamlyn inclined his head, puzzled.

"I would not have thought it possible to say this to you until I met you, talked to you yesterday. Allow me to say what I trust you will not misunderstand, or consider conceit. You appear to me to have the understanding of the inner life which is Indian. You appear to like us, our dress, our food, our music, as much as any westerner I have met. You tell me you wish to stay."

Frightened, Tamlyn stared at him.

"Will you do us the honor of joining our family? With you as her husband, with you to talk to, Saraswathy Amma will not sorrow for America. And perhaps you, loving India as you say you do, will be content with us."

For a moment Tamlyn hardly felt the shock, it was so great. An arranged marriage, so to speak. Impossible to reply, even to murmur. This was why he had been asked for his birth date. For a matching of horoscopes. And they must have matched; well enough, anyhow. Arranged marriages seemed to work well enough in India; couples said that they learned to love each other after the ceremony instead of before. But he had not thought to marry. To make a small, original contribution to philosophic thought—that was what he had asked of life.

Since Tamlyn was still mute, Pillai went on at his even pace. "It is possible that you might get a position in the college here. If not, you would be welcome to spend your life here in meditation, in study, in writing."

Perhaps he was himself the kind of person who had to have marriage arranged for him. He had sometimes wondered about himself, that he had never been powerfully drawn by a woman; of course it was a standard joke, this lack of sap in philosophers, yet he believed himself capable of affection, tenderness, loyalty. The prospect of thousands of days here in this peaceful compound, free to pursue his work, with this beautiful girl as wife and companion—what more could a man ask? This, instead of his one-and-a-half room apartment overlooking the bus station, and those mountains of sophomore essays on "The Uses of Philosophy." In Ohio

he might soon find that he would be giving himself to these students, with all the day-to-day rewards of that, instead of probing at the great questions, instead of writing. Or he might be tempted to do administrative work, in order to rise in the department, perhaps become the head.

So his mind swung in great circles without bringing back anything new. "Thank you, sir, for this great honor, for your confidence, too; I could be happy here with you—there is no doubt of it in my mind—but—should I not talk to Saraswathy Amma before I say more?"

Pillai appeared slightly surprised that this would be necessary, but rolled his head sidewise in agreement and sedately left. When he felt composed enough, Tamlyn crossed the compound to a place in front of the bungalow where slender parrots flashed green through the trees. It was overpowering, his feeling of rightness in this place.



Presently, with her hair down her back, loose in the custom of the Malayalam women, she joined him by a clump of bamboos. Looking at her sealed, deprived face, he took her hand, waiting for words that he could speak, "Sara . . ."

"My father has spoken to you about marrying me. He should not have done that—I begged him not to."

"But, Sara, it is possible—"

With her first show of anger, she interrupted. "You must know that I could not accept marriage on those terms, that I have enough of the western idea of the importance of love—"

This was an honesty that he must meet. "Perhaps you could learn to care for me. And I remember that I have always had a special feeling for you. It could become more, much more."

She closed her eyes against it, but he went on, "I feel that I have much to learn about — love, that perhaps we could teach each other, in the Indian way . . ."

Opening her eyes so that he was not spared their rigor, she said, "If we don't care enough for each other to live together in America, it isn't enough to do it here, is it?"

Drawing breath to protest, he could not, for perhaps it was true, and only his overweening, bland self-

interest could have led him to disregard it. She probably thought if he stayed here, he would become a household retainer, nothing but a family pet. But that was an unworthy, western idea, that a man could not do his work without the excitement of competition, or the need to make money. To assume that a man would go to sleep or grow fat if he were given leisure to fulfill his heart's desire. And with it went that other western notion—that because he did not feel a romantic attachment for her, they could not learn to be good companions.

"Of course I had no right to ask you to help me to go back," she said, wounding herself now in her pride. "Please forgive me for that."

He found himself looking down on the straight part in her black hair, on her bowed head. If he took her back, as his own piece of India, he would be proud of her; on those evenings when they talked with other professors, or lively students, or visiting lights; she would give fire to any work she did; would no doubt raise gravely happy children.

"It's such a new idea to me," he fumbled. "Let me see what I can do when I get back, whether there might be an opening anywhere in the University . . ."

She knew that for what it was worth, and raised her head with a suggestion of mockery in its tilt. "Never mind. In my next incarnation, perhaps I shall be born an American."

It was true that as an American, she would have more freedom to go or to stay, to do as she pleased, though not as much as she thought. He took both her hands, enclosed them in both of his. "Sara, I'll have to go now, or I'll miss that morning train, and my plane in Madras. We'll keep in touch . . ."

"Yes . . . and you know, some people say that if a woman is very good in this life, she will be rewarded by being born a man in her next. Perhaps I shall even be born an *American man*," she cried out in the rawness of spontaneity, half laughing as she thought of it.

"Oh, Sara, you must always be a woman!" As he spoke, his own words pierced him. The parrots flew back and forth like green shuttles. The sun darted down at them, as in a light-struck photograph. Blindly he wondered whether his decision, his refusal, could be all wrong.

She must have guessed the enormous admission of his exclamation, for she looked at him in surprise. Lost, hardly knowing what he did, he took her face in his two hands and kissed her.

She allowed it before drawing gently away. "Thank you, Tamlyn . . . But your train, you'll miss it," and he knew by her releasing voice that she was quite steadfast in her love, that it was America that drew her and not himself.

"Yes, my train," he said, turning, feeling weak, wondering if he could make the gate. "Goodbye," he said again without looking back as he bent to the low arch.

On the street once more he guessed by the astonished gazes of the passersby how his own face must look. A hundred yards down the street the little cross-eyed boy overtook him with his brief-case and bedroll.

Wild as it sounds, this bra takes care of the 13 awful bra problems no one bra could ever lick.

- (1) Is there room to stick a pencil down the middle of your bra?
- (2) Do your cups loosen up at the top?
- (3) Do they pick you up too high?
- (4) Or flatten you down?
- (5) Or wrinkle?
- (6) Does the back of your bra creep up?
- (7) Do your bra straps slip?
- (8) Do they show?
- (9) Do they bite and leave teeth marks?
- (10) Does your bra bind you too tight?
- (11) Does the band cut into your middle?
- (12) Does the fabric feel too bulky?
- (13) Does the shape wash out?

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The weird world of women's magazines fascinates me. The scraggy models, the goofy costumes, and the silly poses are usually good for a chuckle or two and occasionally a real guffaw.

The other day, while pursuing this minor vice, an ad caught my eye. Someone had slipped up! This model was shapely, rounded, and attractive; not the usual dug-up corpse. I daydreamed awhile over this plump pigeon, then, reading the headline, realized it was a bra ad. "WILD AS IT SOUNDS, THIS BRA TAKES CARE OF THE 13 AWFUL BRA PROBLEMS NO ONE BRA COULD EVER LICK." I'll let that "lick" go by, but "solve" would be a much nicer word for a ladies' magazine. My eye drifted down to the copy, and I became immersed in bra problems.

The first problem: "Is there room to stick a pencil down the middle of your bra?" Now who would want to stick a pencil down the middle of a bra while it was being worn; especially by this lush, young lady? Maybe a finger, a nose, or some other personal appendage, but a pencil? Never!

"Do your cups loosen at the top?" I break handles and chip them, and sometimes drop and smash them, but they never loosen at the top. I guess a stray line from a china ad got mixed in here somehow.

"Do they pick you up too high?" I'm not sure what they are talking about here, but I can't see any problem no matter how I read it.

"Or flatten you down?" Now any girl that buys a bra that flattens her down has rocks in her head or "pencils in her bra."

"Or wrinkle?" If a bra wrinkles it isn't filled enough. This can be corrected by buying the right size or . . . Anyhow, any make bra can solve this problem. It's a simple matter of matching the fillor with the fillee.

"Does the back of your bra creep up?" Tighten the straps.

"Do your bra straps slip? Do they show?" Wrong dress.

"Do they bite and leave teeth marks?" This is quite a line. I think they have shifted thought here. If a girl's bra bites and leaves teeth marks, she certainly has a problem, but I would suspect bugs first. If her date bites and leaves teeth marks, I'd say flatly she has no problem; her present bra is definitely a success.

"Does your bra bind you too tight?" It's too full. Besides, it should be "tightly."

"Does the band cut into your middle?" If this is the case, it is not a bra problem; you're too low slung and need structural repairs.

"Does the fabric feel too bulky?" Here they may have a selling point. A nice light bra that makes a lady look like what she isn't without showing all the I-beams and angle irons would certainly solve a bra problem.

I really don't see 13 problems here. The serious problem is with whoever wrote the line about the pencils.

John S. Croft

NEW THEATRE: TOURIST CLASS

Ray Puechner

There are two things you have to know about a play: (1) What kind of a play it is; and (2) What to say about it. Let's take, for example, the plays which are called Theater of the Absurd. A play belongs to the Theater of the Absurd if any or all of the following conditions are met:

1. The character wear rags, live in ashcans, or are middle-class.
2. Everybody in the play is waiting for something or someone and you never find out what or who it is. This is symbolic as hell. (I used hell as an adjective, but I guess it serves just as well as a noun. This is fairly absurd in itself so you can see we're getting somewhere.)
3. The actors wear masks when they talk about sex.
4. The play has a long title. All plays with long titles are absurd. For example: *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* or *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*.
5. The play ends exactly as it begins. This is an ironic comment on the futility of life.
6. The leading man is a dwarf.
7. Everybody in the play thinks he's a rhinoceros.
8. You begin to think you're a rhinoceros.
9. Your wife believes you.

Now you can tell right off the bat that it's going to be no picnic pretending you know what the play was all about. You can say that it's symbolic and never be contradicted. What is it symbolic of? "Man's brutality to man; alienation of the self; man's disillusionment with society and human values; the conflict of love and hate; the meaninglessness of human acts; the intransience of social values; or the existential despair of isolation." (Choose any two.) As you can see, it's almost easier now than it was in the old days when you also had facts to worry about.

Another type of new play, which used to be called Naturalistic and was typified by O'Neill, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Strindberg and the like, has now gone a step beyond the natural and displays the unnatural (incest, murder, rape, etc.) as natural. This is called realism. A play falls into this category if:

1. There is a lot of swearing for no reason at all.
2. It takes place in the men's room.
3. There are at least three characters who are perverts, dope addicts, alcoholics or any combination thereof.
4. It takes place in the South.
5. The father sleeps with his daughter or the mother sleeps with her son or the father sleeps with his son or the mother sleeps with her daughter

or the brother and sister sleep with each other. If the husband and wife sleep together, the play becomes a comedy.

6. The protagonist is: an incompetent who can't support his family; a fairy, a frigid wife who turns to nymphomania to prove to herself she is a woman; or a critic who didn't like the author's last play is thinly-disguised as an impotent husband who can only make it with prostitutes.
7. The play deals with segregation, integration, or miscegenation, in which case it is a "brilliant social commentary" and above further criticism.
8. The play starts you worrying about venereal disease.
9. You go to the play alone.

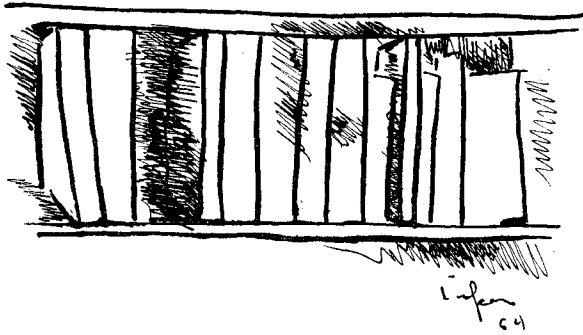
These plays are described as "starkly realistic," "penetrating social comments," "sensitive," and offer "searingly true glimpses of life." They all contain a "moment of truth," a moment which shows each person for what he really is: a lustful, deranged, abnormal scoundrel who is a typical member of his community well esteemed by all. When discussing these plays, term them all "interesting, but shallow." This will imply that you know a whole lot of things about sex that the playwright never touched upon and make you very popular with the ladies; and maybe even the men (in which case you've been a bit too-knowing and are on your own).

While what purports to be a comedy is still shown now and then, you needn't worry about them too much. Even though no plays have happy endings today, some plays are still called comedies and you can determine them by the following:

1. It's written by a leading critic's wife.
2. A husband and wife sleep together, though not necessarily with each other. Any husband and any wife will do.
3. It takes place in a Greenwich Village apartment. This is automatically funny.
4. The audience has to pretend that sex is dirty so it can snigger at the jokes.
6. The protagonist is a child molester.
5. It closes within one week.
7. There is an animal in the play. All plays with any sort of animal in them are comedies.
8. You think it's not as funny as the critics said it was.
9. You could have written a better play if you put your mind to it.

Discussing the comedy is simple. You don't discuss them. You want to be known as a student of the serious theater, not as one who spends his time frivolously.

Except for musicals, this covers the modern theater pretty well as far as I'm concerned. I don't want to go into the subject of musicals. I still haven't figured out what's wrong with *My Fair Lady*.



A SINISTER SILENCE

The Wounded Land. Hans Habe. Coward-McCann, Inc., 1964. 310 pp. \$5.95.

We approach the second anniversary of the Black Friday in Dallas, Texas. During those two years, the American presses have published books of memoirs, newspapers have given accounts from time to time of the lives of the "principals" of that dread day, and thousands of copies of the *Report of the Warren Commission* have been distributed throughout the country. The murder of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, says Hans Habe, should not be turned into a whodunit. But except for the memoirs and the whodunit books and papers, there was silence.

A vast silence. A sinister silence. And then *The Wounded Land*.

In this book, Hans Habe takes 'a journey through a divided America'—a journey interrupted, toward its end, by the assassination of the President. Appalled by the indifference he witnesses on the train, Habe finds in reaching New York that the city is filled with death and shame. But it was not so in the Deep South, where there were cries of exultation at the news. Unbelievable, perhaps, to many Europeans and Americans alike. But not to this American who has lived in the Deep South for many years and who, through long and grievous association, came to recognize the meaning of its lust for violence, its hatred, its malevolence toward the young President and all that he represented. And not to Habe, who understands that while the South is not typical of America, it may be called "the most characteristic bit of America,"—the South with its "atmosphere of misery, inferiority, and resentment"; the South, where the silence over everything is "brooding, brutish, evil."

For John Fitzgerald Kennedy "was murdered because secret and semi-secret societies, unbridled racialists of both colors, the governors of various Southern states and the Black Muslims in New York, oil millionaires in Texas and white trash all over the country could sow the seeds of hatred unimpeded and unchecked, encouraged by the local police, tolerated by the federal police, used by politicians for their own ends. That seed bloomed in Dallas, Texas."

All these, then, are the "unholy phantoms" of which Goethe wrote. All these, then, are the "forces of hatred and malevolence" of which Chief Justice Earl Warren spoke, standing beside the coffin of the young, dead President.

At last, the silence is broken.

At last it is said that the Wild West is for the American reactionary what the Nibelungen were for Hitler.

At last it is said that all these were united as enemies of the murdered President—the war-mongers and the isolationists, those who profit from poverty and the steel magnates, the illiterates and the fanatics of facism. They were his enemies because he believed in intelligence; because the men he sought were intelligent—and not for sale. Because both the illiterate and the aristocracy were allied in their anti-intellectualism against him.

And at last one who writes of this tragedy has recognized Texas as the Fountainhead of Hate. For "nobody hates as much as Texas does who is certain of the justice of his cause, who does not feel himself threatened, who does not suspect that he is already lost . . . The gamblers and the conspirators, the killers at the steering wheel and the murderers with the guns, the simmering rage and the stolid lack of conscience are all signs of downfall. Texas is . . . a wounded snarling animal . . . shrieking, vainglorious, too brightly lighted, drunken, a standing provocation to God and to the rest of the world . . . defending security and democratic morality. And because John Fitzgerald Kennedy represented all these things he had to die, at the corner of Elm and Houston streets in Dallas, Texas."

That was where it had to happen. And where it did happen.

The depths of depravity, said Juvenal, are not reached in one day. In this book, Hans Habe has sounded them.

A. Farrell Borenstein

UNCOMMONLY GOOD

The Red and the Green. Iris Murdock. N.Y., The Viking Press, 1965. 311 pp. 1965.

"Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died and Wolfe Tone sunk serene,
Because they could not bear to leave the red above the green,"
sings Cathal Dumay, a fiery Irish patriot aged fourteen.

This is the story of an intricately related upper-class Irish family in Dublin during the week which climaxed in the abortive Easter Rising against the English in 1916.

There is Andrew, a muddled young Anglo-Irishman who joined the British cavalry because he hated horses.

There is Uncle Barney, who awoke from a drunken stupor in a Catholic chapel on Good Friday and had a remarkably beautiful and lucid religious illumination.

There is the incredible Lady Millicent, who accidentally involved the four principal males of the clan in a nightmarishly hilarious contretemps at her country estate one dark night when each of them arrived at approximately the same time with approximately the same goal in mind.

Above all and unforgettable there is young Pat Dumay, evocative of the unashamedly heroic figures of Greek mythology and reassuring to find in a modern novel. He loves Ireland with a stern pure love. The reserved yet tender scenes between him and his younger brother Cathal are among the finest in the book.

Irish herself, Miss Murdock depicts all the lovable, silly, noble, exasperating facets of the Irish with clear-headed compassion. The dialog is delightful. For instance:

"It's just Irish spite. Now they've been promised Home Rule and everything they want they ought to be grateful."

"Perhaps they don't feel they've got much to be grateful for. A million people died in the potato famine."

"My dear Frances, there may have been some unfortunate things in the past, but they're all long gone now, and I'm sure England never purposely hurt Ireland, it was just economics." . . .

"Is it conceivable that the Castle would be so insane as to try to disarm the Volunteers?"

"No, no. The English will behave correctly. After all, people are watching them." . . .

"The Irish are so used to personifying Ireland as a tragic female, any patriotic stimulus produces an overflow of sentiment at once . . . Saint Teresa's Hall nearly fell down when Yeats first came out with that stuff. Though, in fact, if you recited the Dublin telephone directory in this town with enough feeling you'd have people shedding tears."

Iris Murdock, a former philosophy don at Oxford, is a seasoned novelist. She does not get in the way of the story.

This is an uncommonly good novel.

Geneva Meers

WHERE WORDS END

At Play in the Fields of the Lord. Peter Matthiessen. Random House. \$5.95. pp. 373.

Unsettled by the weird title and the gaudy, cryptic design on the jacket, one casts about for familiar landmarks, analogies, even before starting to read. The dust jacket description—does it help? One reads hopefully: "The setting of this wild, beautiful haunting novel is the Amazon jungle, at once majestic and malevolent; the principal characters are four fundamentalist missionaries and a soldier of fortune; and the plot concerns their fanatical conflict over the fate of a primitive and dangerous tribe of jungle Indians." Confidence increased, one turns next to the quotation from Hermann Hesse: "The way to innocence, to the uncreated and to God leads one, not back, not back to the wolf or to the child, but ever further into sin, ever deeper into human life." Ah, of course. The throb of distant drums. "The horror! the horror!" "Mistah Kurtz—he dead." *Did Kurtz find innocence and God?* Can this be a second Conrad, this Matthiessen of the dust jacket, with his scuffed shoe, wristwatch, and motorcyclist's regalia? Never mind; it is a working hypothesis.

And it doesn't work. The novel finished, one is still borne swiftly down a jungle river, groping for the sandbar, solid footing. Remember *Winesburg, Ohio*, "The Book of the Grotesque"? In the beginning there were "hundred and hundreds . . . of truths and they were all beautiful. And then the people came along. Each as he appeared snatched up one of the truths and some who were quite strong snatched up a dozen of them. It was the truths that made the people grotesque . . .

The moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood." This will unlock some of the characters: the missionary Leslie Huben, whose truth—heaven souls must be saved—seems splendid in his newsletters but absurdly false in the jungle; Wolfie, the tough Jew a long way from home, possessed of three truths—a doglike loyalty to his pal, booze, and broads (back in the States, he won the fair maiden Azusa at a movie one evening by inserting his penis through the bottom of a popcorn container and urging her to reach for the prize); and Hazel, wife of the missionary Martin Quarrier, whose initial loathing of jungle life changes to a jungle sensuality, so that, though continuing to mouth pious nothings, she on one occasion bursts naked from her hut to roll in a clearing (like Alice Hindman, her sister in the colder climate of Winesburg) and on another, in bed with her husband, cries, "Oh Jesus, make love to me, screw me, cruel Jesus, damn you Jesus."

But Sherwood Anderson's formula works only for the minor characters. At least four transcend it: Father Xantes, the Catholic rival of the fundamentalists, a complex blend of devotion, cynicism, and worldly wisdom; Martin Quarrier and Andy Huben, Leslie's wife, who lose their faith; and Meriwether Lewis Moon, Wolfie's pal, a North American Indian in search of the identity which was never his back home on the reservation. Comparison helps little; the novel stands on its own legs.

Matthiessen swings rather clumsily between these disparate characters, often stretching credibility to bring them into contact. At times his prose is as lush and wild as jungle growth: the description of Moon under the effects of *ayahuasca*, an Indian narcotic, bubbles phantasmagorically but quickly cloy. Yet for these few lapses there are many splendid compensations. Matthiessen's first-hand knowledge of his setting—he is no armchair author—brings the jungle, menacing and vivid, to life. And there are at least three unforgettable scenes, giving the novel a 300% superiority to most others. One presents Father Xantes at supper, an egg yoke quivering on his tongue "until unable to restrain himself a moment longer, he clamped it savagely twixt tongue and palate, uttering as he did so a tiny squeak of pleasure; the yolk exploded in abandon, mounting deliriously toward his sinuses, then sliding down past the roots of his tongue into his throat." Another, the last in the book, describes Moon, voluntary outcast from the civilized world and recent outcast from the savage tribe with which he had supposed he belonged, finding his home at last alone on a jungle river—the Indian resting place, the state of pure being which finally ends his wandering. For me, however, the most powerful scene comes about midway through the novel, in Quarrier's reaction to the death of his son. Huben tries to console him with the usual pieties, but Quarrier vehemently rejects these: "The Lord did not take my son. Death took my son. But if He had, the Lord would not be welcome to my son. Do you understand

that? *He is not welcome to my son!*" If we do not understand, it is our fault, not Matthiessen's. He has brought us to the void where words end and hearts crack.

T. B. Gilmore

THE INSISTENT I

The Eye. Vladimir Nabokov. New York: Phaedra Publishers, Inc., 1965. 114 pp. \$4.50.

A penumbral cross between a Walter Mitty and a John Hawkes surrealist Michael Banks, the hero of Vladimir Nabokov's novel, *The Eye*, "the I—the cold, insistent, tireless eye," moves through light and shade in a comic, pathetic search for an identity of others' making.

Reminiscent of *Pnin*, even subtly remindful of Conrad's *Secret Agent*, the mystery is simple—it's done with mirrors. Many light-years away, Gospodin Smurov lives on, the hardly happy shade in his self-created world of immortality, evidence of "what a mighty thing was human thought, that it could hurtle on beyond death!"

Published in *Playboy* magazine earlier this year, *The Eye* carried an illustration by Robert Andrew Parker—a double picture, the one half a dark reflection of the other, depicting the worlds of reality and fantasy of Smurov. Expectedly, these worlds converge in the shady half. Perhaps the current European term "magical realism" could be applied to this fiction which conveys the reality in the subconscious.

But how Nabokov would dislike anything bordering on Freudism, which he sees as "one of the vilest deceptions practiced by people on themselves and others." He "rejects it utterly," according to a *Playboy* interview of January, 1964. Lest one read any social significance into his novels, he says in the same interview, "I don't give a damn for the community, the masses, and so forth." In a foreword which introduces this short, short novel, he claims that a twelve-year-old child "caught on" to it the quickest, so one would feel a fool to indulge in deeper probings.

If mysteries were as enjoyable, I'd read them. If you don't like *The Eye*, you have lost only an hour. If you liked *Pnin*, you will; it is nothing like *Lolita*.

Luretta Hendriks

THE FRUIT OF LITTLE MEANNESESSES

Confrontations: Black and White, Lerone Bennett, Jr. Johnson Publishing Co., Chicago, 1965. 321 pp. \$5.95.

Black man and white man, black man and black man, white man and white man, America and America have been approaching each other for years.

The coming together began with the landing of the first twenty black men at Jamestown in 1619. Now, 350 years later, confrontation cannot be denied nor much longer postponed. Democracy must emerge and flourish or the battle must be merciless, definitive, and topple all the little and the big Americas each of which connives to impose its own prejudiced pattern on all the others.

At the beginning of *Confrontation*, Lerone Bennett seems to be retelling the story already told in such books as Benjamin Quarle's *The Negro in the Making of America* (Collier Books, 1964, 95c); however, one quickly realizes that *Confrontation* is much more. It is a successful effort to present the deeper aspects of Negro slave and Negro free and to relate them to the perversion of the idea of democracy by bigoted Whites who assumed the mildewed mantle of superiority to rationalize greed, fear and hypocrisy.

The average white American is, and always has been, a gutless but ruthless bigot who mouths the familiar platitudes while blandly destroying democracy by viciously exploiting and imprisoning all non-Whites in ignorance and poverty.

Alliances of White powers, and too often of Negro powers with them, not only postponed the progress toward a cure for the sickness which is racialism, but planted the germ of the malignant cancer of hate—a cancer of discontent now grown too monstrously huge and devouring to be excised and have the body live on as of old. Unlike an individual person's affliction, the cure for this cancer in our body politic is at hand and has always been at hand: it is implicit in the very words of Democracy, in Christianity, in . . . Why bother to enumerate? The same ragged rationalizations will salve consciences, justify prejudices, and sustain equivocations.

On page 180, Bennett quotes the epitaph one Negro soldier in WW II suggested for himself: "Here lies a black man killed fighting a yellow man for the protection of a white man."

Prejudice in America is a deeply rooted part of the social structure, a defensive mechanism in the adjustment of most white individuals, and an economic and political weapon in group conflicts. It is all these things and more, but most of all it is a series of little meannesses linked to petty considerations of status and snobbishness. The real race problem in America is the problem of the white American. And the problem cannot be solved without a total re-examination of the foundation of our lives.

Confrontation is a record of the struggle of beleaguered blacks in America. It depicts Negro efforts to achieve the rights and dignity of Americans. More than that, it leaves naked the shameful but successful efforts of Whites to perpetuate the fiction of white supremacy. 350 years after Jamestown, the approaching forces are about to meet. To read *Confrontation* might support a White's choice based on something more substantial than the familiar fraudulent piety.

Highly recommended.

H. H. Hurt

INDEED HE DID

Yes I Can: The Story of Sammy Davis, Jr. Sammy Davis, Jr. and Jane and Burt Boyar. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, c. 1965. 630 pp. \$6.95.

If he were alive today, Horatio Alger, Jr. might have written *Yes I Can* for Sammy Davis, Jr.—the story of a poor but honest boy who, in spite of his own ignorance, evil men and bigotry achieves fame, fortune and lives

happily ever after in the Tower (Waldorf, that is) with his beautiful princess.

In essence, it is all true: none can question Sammy Davis's talent, nor doubt the pain and anguish which must be the lot of a sensitive Negro who has the courage to succeed in any field. Harlems are stinking albatross, racism is a rotten sore.

The facts of Sammy's life are here: birth, broken home, love for Mama(his grandmother), the uncertainty and poverty of the early years in showbusiness, cruel experiences in the U. S. Army in WW II years, early successes and flamboyant love affairs, Cadillac corruption which resulted in the accident and the loss of his eye, Sammy's conversion to Judaism and his wooing and winning of lovely Mai Britt. *Yes I Can* is also a paean to Frank Sinatra, Mickey Rooney, and a few other people who helped Sammy to success in showbusiness.

Fortunately, *Yes I Can* does reveal more of Sammy Davis than he may have intended. These revelations come indirectly. The Boyers use the technique of the novelist too obviously. The structure is too neat, the situations too pat, the conversations too well remembered, too precise and too hard to believe; the selection and the purpose for it have been too obvious. All of these shortcomings are probably the direct result of the choice of the Boyars as Sammy's Boswells. Columnist chroniclers have produced another showbiz epic. Value and depth survive in spite of them. Sammy's talent and drive are extolled without end. This tells much about him.

The mystifying story of Sammy Davis, Jr. as an anguished, searching, tortured and heart-wrenched person seeking is still to be written. We have here the fat of a life, 630 pages of it. There should be a sequel.—the bare bones of anger, fear, drive and need without the neon-lighted obesity of Las Vegas, Hollywood, Broadway and best-seller lists. Perhaps only a few paragraphs, certainly less than a hundred pages might provide both Sammy Davis, Jr. and the reader with the key to an understanding of the need for *Yes I Can*.

Highly recommended in spite of itself.

Alex Paul

ANARCHY IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

Poverty In America. Louis A. Ferman, Joyce L. Kornbluh, Alan Haber, Eds. University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 1965. 532 pp. \$9.00.

Poverty, Galbraith maintained in *The Affluent Society*, is no longer a "massive affliction." He reached this conclusion by using \$1,000 as a cutoff point. This, Dwight Macdonald says, is "simply fantastic."

Nobody starves, but like every social statistic, this is a tricky business. Nobody starves, but who can measure the starvation, not to be calculated by daily intake of proteins and calories, that reduces life for many of our poor to a long vestibule to death? . . . a fourth of us are excluded from the common social existence.

The three levels of poverty most generally used by private and public agencies are, for a family of four per year, \$2500 minimum subsistence, \$3500 minimum adequacy, and \$5500 minimum comfort. By these

standards, there are 20, 46, or 70 million poor in today's America. They are in our market society, but not of it. And they are not a homogeneous group. "They include the young and the old, disabled and able-bodied, white and non-white, city and country dwellers . . . the employed, the under-employed, and the unemployed . . . those who were born in poverty and those who skidded into poverty through unemployment, sickness, disability, or advancing age."

Charles Killingsworth, discussing "Automation, Jobs, and Manpower," challenges the folk faith that machines make jobs. A breakdown of the unemployment rates in 1950 (6.2) and 1962 (6.0), reveals that the unemployment rates decreased at the top of the educational attainment ladder, while there was a significant increase in the rates at the middle and lower rungs. Thus the improvement in the unemployment situation during those 12 years was concentrated in the "elite group" of the labor force—the 20% with college training. The unemployment rates for the lower educational attainment groups (80% of the men) are higher than they were in 1950. There is a large and growing "reserve army" at the lower educational levels, and no evidence of any such reserve of college-trained men. Killingsworth, finding that the size of the Manpower Development and Training Act programs is not commensurate with the size of the job that must be done, concludes, "long before we could get down to an overall unemployment rate as low as 4 percent, we would have a severe shortage of workers at the top of the educational ladder . . . (which) would be a bottleneck to further expansion of employment."

The welfare state is of least benefit to those who most need help. Back of the chill and mischief of statistics are millions of Negroes on a treadmill, "running fast to stand still." And the roots of fundamental forms of discrimination run deep into the American economic system. It is, Tom Kahn says, "as if racism, having put the Negro in his economic 'place,' stepped aside to watch technology destroy that place."

Among these millions, too, are 11 million children who inherit poverty (40% of New York's million school children are Negroes and Puerto Ricans who are handed the standard readers—"those insipid productions," Jeremy Lerner calls them, "featuring Sally, Dick and Jane, the golden-haired cardboard tots from Sterilityville."). More than 5 million old people in America have no phones in their place of residence. And these, too, are among the poor: 75,000 farm workers who earned less than 30¢ an hour last year, and 34,000 hotel workers who earned less than 50¢ an hour. The poor are humiliated in the maze of bureaucratic pathology of the welfare "system," discriminated against in our courts, lacking in political power, badly housed, badly fed, and suffering in great numbers from physical and mental illness.

This book of readings is uneven; the sections on the economic and political problems of the poor, and policies and programs for meeting them, are more articulate than the sections on the value and life of the poor. Yet *Poverty in America* makes an impressive case for

the need for distributive justice in a society that seems to have anarchy in all the wrong places. America, says Robb Burlage, with all its Appalachias, is a national depressed area in terms of its human potential. The civil rights movement, part of the triple revolution along with cybernation and the weaponry revolution, is now "aimed toward problems more deeply rooted in our socio-economic order." (Bayard Rustin.) Automation, urban decay and school segregation are obstacles of far greater magnitude than the legal barriers attacked through the freedom rides and sit-ins. Negroes must recognize that their enemies are not only opponents of civil rights but of social security, too, and medicare, and the unions. Gus Tyler of the ILGW demonstrates how earnings in Brooklyn and the Bronx are directly affected by the absence of unions in Mississippi and Georgia. Among the proposals for change is Schwartz's recommendation of a Federal Family Security Program as "a way to end the means test." Burlage speaks of a failure of nerve and imagination—a milieu of political timidity. The logjam at the top must be broken, he says, and the people themselves must formulate their programs with new vision, new politics, new towns, new industries, and new lives.

Poverty in America is a moral problem, all the false pieties of a long-dead Puritanism, the restless ghost of Herbert Spencer, and the fatuous mystique of the "invisible hand" (one in every four of us has only seen the back of it) notwithstanding. The remedies, however, are far clearer than the prospects for putting them to good use. But the alternatives are Watts—and worse. For it is estimated that if the total economy continues to operate at its present rate in opening new jobs, by 1970 unemployment will reach eleven million. Narrow perspectives, Miller and Rein warn, lead to narrow programs. America is far, far from the Great Society it celebrates. As compared to what? As compared to what it might be. As compared to what is ought to be. And must be.

A. Farrell Borenstein

A SECRETARY'S SERVICE

Give Joy to My Youth. Teresa Gallagher. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1965, 238 pp. \$4.95.

Saccharin sentimentality and frustrating trivia co-exist in Teresa Gallagher's *Give Joy to My Youth*. Teresa Gallagher was Dr. Tom Dooley's secretary and one of the key figures in his volunteer organizations. Perhaps her proximity to Dr. Dooley explains her sentimentality and her secretarial habits explain her attachment to trivia in telling the behind-the-scenes story of Dr. Dooley's home-front organizations.

Miss Gallagher was first attracted to Dr. Dooley's work in 1956 after reading his first book, *Deliver Us From Evil*. When he answered her letter of praise, she started her long, self-sacrificing service to him urging others to buy copies of the book. Over the years as the Dooley operations expanded, she became increasingly involved in running the home-front—organizing supplies, handling mail, and soliciting funds. She also developed a more intimate, maternal relationship with Dr.

Dooley. Eventually, Miss Gallagher ascended to the controlling committees of several of his major organizations and became one of his most trusted assistants and confidants in running the supporting show. She devised the Disc-Team and their original method of handling Dr. Dooley's voluminous mail; Dr. Dooley dictated letters into a Sound-Scriber machine and shipped the tapes round the world to New York, where the Disc-Team typed out his words. When factions disrupted Medico, the major organization, she supported him through all the squabbling and political in-fighting at which she just hints in the book. In those final, painful years during which Dr. Dooley suffered from cancer, she did her best to comfort him and to persuade him to slow his hectic pace. After Dr. Dooley died, Miss Gallagher became one of the charter members of the Thomas A. Dooley Foundation, which developed from a dissenting faction of Medico.

Miss Gallagher's work linked her closely with Dr. Dooley; they corresponded constantly; and, on Dr. Dooley's rare trips to New York, they saw each other daily. This intense relationship blocks any attempt of Miss Gallagher to provide insights into Dr. Dooley's personality. She cannot see any flaw in his generous, humorous, gentle, forceful, honest, aggressive, sacrificing behavior. She carefully relishes every delightful aspect of his character. Dr. Dooley can do no wrong in Teresa Gallagher's eyes, although she has to contradict herself to maintain her views. Dr. Dooley accomplished some humanitarian feats, but his everyday personality must have had its faults (see "*Tom Dooley or St. Thomas a Do,*" *North American Review*, Spring 1965). Even through the clouds of mawkish praise, the reader can detect chinks in Dr. Dooley's saintly armor. Through his quotations he sometimes reveals himself as egocentric in assuming that all funds and manpower of Medico are devoted to him personally, not to the general cause of medical relief. He appears arrogant and overly self-confident in expounding his particular opinions of the medical programs. Although these faults may have been unimportant in the job Dr. Dooley set out to accomplish, Miss Gallagher should have presented a more honest, creditable, and therefore valuable picture of him.

Because of her intimate position in the Dooley volunteer organizations, Miss Gallagher might have produced a worthwhile report of their inner workings; however, once again she has obscured details with sentimentality, excessive trivia and bewildering discontinuity. Miss Gallagher seems to feel that her book is the place to profusely thank every volunteer who ever contributed and every supporter who ever wrote. Such verbiage clutters every page and chops every chapter into disconnected packets of irrelevant information. Miss Gallagher also has a supporting cast of hundreds of unfamiliar doctors whom she pops in periodically further to disconcert the reader. Over all these insertions, she sprayed a mawkish mist of pious religiousness—Miss Gallagher finds and thanks God in everything.

This book is not totally without value. If read with

the traditional grain of salt, it delivers some insight into the workings and development of a tremendous medical charity foundation, particularly its volunteer functions; and, if the reader reads between the lines, it also gives insight into Dr. Dooley's personality and the intraorganizational battling in Medico. However, its trivia and discontinuity make the time invested to read *Give Joy to My Youth* not worth its reward.

David Weissmann

PRIVATE OY

Loxfinger. A Thrilling Adventure of Hebrew Secret Agent OY-OY-7. An Israel Bond Thriller. Sol Weinstein. New York: Pocket Books, Inc. 127 pp. \$1.00.

It was only a question of time. Hero to some, super villain to others, James Bond has scurried from the pages of Al Capp's *Fearless Fosdick* to the headlines of Pravda. The success of Ian Fleming's secret agent with students and intelligentsia may have prompted Pravda's most recent outburst against one who "lives in a nightmarish world where laws are written at the point of a gun, where coercion and rape are considered valor and murder a funny trick." With the arrival of Israeli secret agent Israel Bond and the master scoundrel Loxfinger, Sol Weinstein has placed the mock-epic characters of contemporary good and evil in their proper perspective. From the opening page where we find our stalwart hero in bed, making love to the impassive Oriental beauty contestant, Miss Viet Cong, to the final moment when we witness the apocalyptic parting of the Red Sea and the destruction of Lazarus Loxfinger (in reality Adolph Hitler, come to Israel as a Jewish benefactor, to settle definitively the "Jewish question"), we recognize immediately the advantages of the transfer of the James Bond cult to the world of New York-Tel Aviv-Miami Beach.

Many of Weinstein's allusions to modern Jewish life and language in America and Israel have become universal, but the full appreciation of his references to the world of "lox and bagel" must be limited to the initiated few. How else could one understand the significance of the mastery of the "egg cream," an accomplishment to be respected more than the finest subtleties of a rare "Polynesian Pearl Diver" in the society of international intrigue.

Finally they headed to Wolfie's at 23rd and Collins where the hip, show-wise crowd went. Bond had ordered for both of them, knowingly, crisply: "Morris, we'd like two egg creams, Seventh Avenue and 28th Street style. Made properly, there should be no ice shavings in the eight-ounce Corning Ware glasses. The seltzer should be cold enough to stand on its own with a 3.5 ratio of pinpoint carbonation, roughly 1,118 bubbles to the ounce. Before the seltzer is poured, a fourth of the glass should be filled with Walker Gordon non-pasteurized milk from selected tuberculin-free Holsteins at the immaculate farm in Princeton Junction, New Jersey. Only Fox's U-Bet chocolate syrup should be used to complement the milk, both milk and syrup mixed delicately with an 1847 Rogers Brothers spoon, dairy silver, of course, in the tasteful Mrs. Aaron Burr scroll pattern, as the seltzer is added slowly, ricocheting rhythmically off the spoon."

Boychickl, you've been around," said Morris the waiter with new respect in his tired, I've-seen-it-all eyes.

Fifty years of assimilation have not taken Collins Avenue on Miami Beach so very far from Delancey Street on the Lower East Side and the remolding of the Anglo-Saxon James into the Yiddish Israel may be a distinct improvement. It is reminiscent of the classical joke which inevitably ends with the most improbable of people being Jewish, or if they aren't, by their own admission or in secret, they should be.

Whatever your feelings about the world of James Bond, Goldfinger and Dr. No, this is a book that will add new dimensions to that view. How better to make a secret weapon of defense out of a piece of male jewelry than to have the lethal needle fire from the Star of David on the mezuzah round Israel's neck. The eyes of one of his matronly and seductive victims are schav-green. The motto of the swift airline: "You should only land and be well."

Sol Weinstein's small book is more than just a parody of the James Bond cult. It is a book about the America of slogans and products, about a preoccupation with trivia, where the issues of the day are the latest changes in cars, cigarette lighters and ties. It is the exaggeration of the overly realistic touches of mystery fiction since the days of Dashiell Hammett. Israel Bond smokes and drinks coffee all day long and the bellboy brings him "a cup of coffee and a fresh pack of Raleighs" finding him "already dapper in a burgundy silk shantung suit with matching cummerbund, bow-tie clipped onto an Arrow Gordon Dover Taper Glenn shirt, Florsheim black loafers with Roman points and a rakish tassel." For Weinstein seems to recognize that behind much of our cynicism about the eternal pressure of TV, *Time* and the *New Yorker* to buy and think and drink this or that, to be one of the wild, young, Pepsi generation, lies a certain degree of acceptance and respect.

Once you've met Israel Bond, Miss Viet Cong, Loxfinger, Achmed, Eve Brown and dear old Mother Margolies, No. 1 in the Israeli Secret Service, the make-believe world of the original novels becomes even more ridiculous. In the end, Loxfinger (Hitler) is destroyed by an apparent miracle. On the buoy in the Red Sea are the initials of the company (Gilhooley-O'Brien-Dennis) that caused the explosion. How better could one explain this twist of fate? Perhaps Israel Bond's fantastic miracles are more appropriate to this world of intrigue than the overly clever, rationalistic devices of his namesake.

Walter Borenstein

PASS THE AMMUNITION

Freedom of Inquiry, Conference On Intellectual Freedom. American Library Association, Chicago, 1965. 70 pp. \$1.50.

With this collection of pertinent papers (The Proceedings of the Conference on Intellectual Freedom held this past January in Washington, D. C.) ALA demonstrates once again that it is one of the small band which composes the advance guard protecting liberty.

This is appropriate, for if anyone ought to be protesting the erosion of freedom, librarians should be manning the parapets. And they are, in villages and cities across the nation, sometimes with national support and sometimes in solitary vigilance.

This book reflects viewpoints of rallying allies on the ramparts of freedom. Papers are by spokesmen for the American Book Publishers Council, American Civil Liberties Union, San Francisco Theological Seminary, National Education Association, Freedom of Information Center, National Council of Teachers of English, and eight others. Areas of cooperation and mutual support are examined. None of these combatants is willing to trade liberty for complacency and comfort. Nor should any of us be willing to do so.

Thousands of people should read this little book to renew awareness of both the forces attempting to stifle the right to read and those preserving it. A peculiar confederation emerges clearly: almost no delinquents are readers nor are censors particularly renowned for their erudition, yet the latter group attempts constantly to protect the former by regulating what is available to read. This is another facet of our strange and wonderful culture.

Bernard E. Richardson

STORY OF A FILM

Salt Of The Earth, Howard Biberman. Beacon Press, Boston, 1965.

My major criticism of *Salt Of The Earth* as a film and as a story of a film is that it is guilty of confusion. It assumes its own validity on the basis of the adversity it encounters in production. And it assumes that because of the nobility of the theme, the final product is necessarily important.

Throughout the account, there is constant reference to the need to get the film completed and shown. The reasons given are solely the difficulties which the makers of the film experienced. Nowhere in any positive sense is there a discussion of the formal and technical innovations (and there were many) which came about. To be sure, there is great discussion of changes which Biberman was forced to make due to the fact that normal technical facilities were denied them; but these changes are always seen as obstacles to the film's completion, never as opportunities for new ways of making film. For example, in one scene they found to their chagrin that a mike boom is clearly visible, and this is legitimately attributed to the fact that they could not see the rushes of that day's shooting.

What Biberman overlooks is that in this and in many other scenes, the opportunity for chance and accident—so much a part of all the contemporary arts—was not only present but utilized. In another case, he speaks about technical difficulties with getting the sound to be of the same polished standard as the films he is used to making (and thereby lies the crux of his problem), difficulties once again encountered because the establishment, consisting of a corrupt Union and right wing vigilantes, has an irrevocable hold on the film industry and can prevent the use of any of the technical

facilities which an independent producer must use. After granting these difficulties, the fact remains that Biberman has no sensitivity toward the final outcome of his own product. He doesn't see, for example, that the kinds of informal unpolished sound which the film displays, notably in the sequences on the picket line, are precisely the kinds of sound for which John Cassavettes in his early films and Jean Luc Goddard in *Breathless* are today being so highly praised by young directors. With considerable justification, these techniques are considered to be a legitimate new way of presenting reality on film. Biberman just does not realize how *avant garde* he was.

And yet we were all blinded. The advent of McCarthyism made us see the struggle, but never the results. We were all fooled that early spring evening as we stood in front of the Grande theater on 86th St. We were terribly excited by the victory of Esperanza and José and of the strike. We actually cheered when the workers from the neighboring mines closed in on the Sheriff and the company representative, just as we were excited all during this period by those who stood up to McCarthy, Velde, Jenner, and the rest. We were excited by Pete at the "Hoot's" when he sang the union songs about Harry Simms, when Martha Schlamme sang about the eradication of war, when we sang The World Youth with arms clasped, or when Betty Sanders sang about how we held congressional investigating committees "In Contempt." We spent long evenings with Leon Wafsy discussing the heroics of standing and fighting incipient fascism rather than trying to "run in between the raindrops." And over the phone we felt ourselves heroic, knowing that if we spoke in codex—using first names only, never referring to Perress openly, but only as "the major," never talking about publication we had read, but always about the "DW," The "NG," "Izzy's," "NUT" from England, "M & M's" (that was clever!)—those tapping our wires would not know what we were talking about. And our heroics were real. These were dangerous times when free thought was being stifled, when there were real martyrs who either lost their lives or their means of livelihood.

However, when 1965 came, and with it the twentieth party congress, some of us looked around and saw that we had missed something (Eric Goldman also missed it in his *The Crucial Decade*). Those writing seriously about the late forties and early fifties called our attention to the fact that while we were listening to Elisabeth Gurly Flynn in Union Square, on a park bench close to our annually dwindling assembled numbers, Arshile Gorky was talking to Wilhelm De Kooning. Jack Kerouac told us later that there were those across the land who were living and writing in very new ways. In the Northwest a unique kind of outlook on life—an Oriental one—was forcing such artists as Morris Graves and Mark Tobey to present a very different image of reality.

Yes, we missed the real excitement which was all around us. And we missed it because we mistook struggle for real radical change. Biberman, then, was only

inadvertently, and despite himself, giving us something different. Today in his account, he still denigrates these changes by calling them inadequacies. In fact, the book's style of presentation expresses his old way of seeing. The narrative starts out with a very ponderous flashback, starting at the trial of the makers of *Salt Of The Earth* vs. IPC Distributors, and Loews Inc., et al. It goes back to his incarceration as one of the Hollywood 10, then back to the beginnings of the production of the film.

The prose is equally Hollywoodesque: "The courtroom was empty, its hard square contours transformed into a kind of audio visual memory chamber (!) . . . The austerity of the courtroom in that anxious moment merged with the ancient passion for justice which is the root meaning of our land, however often its be-deviled moment to moment reality seems to betray it. The barrenness of the large room dissolved for me into another barrenness, that of my small cell . . ."

And another: "The winds blew the tangy aroma of the desert air." Still another: "Was it a delusion to feel that the country needed dissidents willing to fight upstream carrying a soaked placard, as General Stillwell put it, *"Illegitimi non carborundum?"*"

And finally, at the beginning of a chapter: "It was bitter cold in the Shack. And raw. The men peered out through the windows, and waited."

Today, Michal Wilson, the scenario writer of *Salt of The Earth*, gives us a new offering, starring Liz and Richard, entitled *The Sandpiper*, which Judith Crist of the *New York Herald Tribune* claims could only have been inspired by venality.

And so the real tragedy of the McCarthy period was that it temporarily laid low our critical senses.

Hugh Lifson

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

The Twenties. Special Issue of *American Heritage*. American Heritage Publishing Co., New York, August, 1965. 112 pp. \$3.95.

For the second time in its history, *American Heritage* devotes an entire issue to a single subject. And what a subject! From the colorful John Held, Jr. front cover to the stylized maj-jongg on the back, it is a nostalgic pleasure. Bruce Catton's introductory essay establishes a fitting frame of reference. "It was, we are assured, the period when *everybody* did fantastic things." Catton sketches the usual picture but then brings the everybody drinking, bootlegging, dancing, stock-buying, loose-morals, coon-skin coat-picture into focus:

"There were a great many people in the United States in the nineteen twenties, and most of them were serious, hard-working people who did their best to earn a living, bring up their children, live decently by the best light they had, and lay away a few dollars for their old age. Most of them never saw the inside of a speakeasy . . ."

To remember that it was only a small percentage of Americans who enjoyed the magnificent, rollicking new freedom of the twenties (and the anguish) spurs a

reader to a new appreciation for the youth of that period and hopefully, for the youth of our own era.

"Anyone over the age of twenty-six who danced the Charleston regretted it immediately . . ." says Catton. And this must be true. Primarily, this had to be an era of youth, youth spurning the fetters and foolishness of its elders. The follies and the criminal frauds are part of the mature, adult, successful world: (Al Capone, *et al*, the successful theft of the Tea Pot Dome oil reserves, the resurrection of the Ku Klux Klan in the North, Florida land speculation, the mass effort to beat the stock market—teenagers were not responsible for any of these foolish and illegal human efforts. Only mature, experienced men with drive and ambition could and did engineer them.)

Foolish, immature youth, in protest against a nation led by Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover; silly youth creating the memorable nonsense of the Twenties: the drinking; the rah rah collegiates; the adulation of the shadows of movie stars, flag pole sitters, and channel swimmers.

Preposterous as it seems, Charles A. Lindberg was a typical youth of the twenties. While hordes plotted and planned, checked, waited for certainty, i.e., a good return on the investment, foolishly, foolhardily and youthfully, he flew the Atlantic alone. Still typical of his generation, Lindberg took the cash and let the credit go, joining the ranks of the army whose generals he symbolically booted in the rump when he landed in Paris.

Everyone should read *The Twenties* for two reasons: first, to recapture the idiocy and delight of fermenting history, also to bring the youth of today into focus instead of waiting until a quarter-century elapses before understanding their behavior and the springtime of their discontent.

Read it for any reason you like. The 96 pictures (31 in color) are alone worth the price. Particularly recommended to people under twenty and over forty-five.

Armarius

LEAVE IT ALONE

The Man Who Looked Like The Prince Of Wales. Frederick Manfred. Trident Press, New York, 1965. 178 pp. \$3.95.

"The trouble with Garrett is, he can't leave it alone." This second line colors the first half of the novel. A reader is intrigued, wants to know why, and then what Garrett and the author do with this important problem. Unfortunately, the reader gets only descriptions of a few rolls in the hay, a forced marriage, and an unexplained general deterioration of Garrett and the plot. Garrett does nothing about his problem, if he really does have one. Unhappily, Manfred does nothing about his problem with this novel either.

Though eye-catching, the title is irrelevant. Only the most encompassing definition can justify the jacket claim that this is a "contemporary novel." It belongs to another era, less demanding in concept, plot execution and style.



THERE'S SOMETHING
BEHIND
IT ALL

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A SEQUENCE FOR KING MENZO

I. Menzo Laments Love

At last I'm alone.
They rub thighs with me,
fluff themselves like birds,
and then are gone.
Last night Lady Dorno
said, "My pet, Menzo,
let's do Aretine's postures."
Aren't those a man's words?
A lift of my eye ungirds
the loins of a kingdom.
Being a king's unwholesome.
Somewhere there's a virgin . . .

II. Menzo in Council

Such bruised foreheads.
Bow lower, friends.
Each one pretends
to make me wise.
Secretly they devise
play for their wives
to tease my bed.

III. Menzo in the Palace Garden

Japan sent pebbles for the paths,
the ferns are from the Amazon.
These trees, exotic grafts,
are kept for their odors.
Odors! That the Queen were gone
on one of her regal tours
selling her painted grin.
If her bottom graced the throne
her court would learn new sin.
That's rare ivy prying the wall.
Tendrils strong enough to crack
a tree. As king I will
you wind my wife's long neck.

IV. Menzo in the Meadow

Just here I am serene.
It is early evening.
I watch the fading green,
my slippers paling in shadows.
Here I nap and dream.
There are no noises;
nothing comes from meadows
but these timid feelings
that call without voices.

C. G. Hanzlicek



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